1: Jenness--90
116, 224

(1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo

"Disputes are liable to arise in hunting about the ownership of game, since two or three men may wound a caribou with their arrows. The hunter who inflicts the first wound is entitled to the booty, but, to prevent ill feeling, he generally gives some of the choicer parts of the meat, a whole saddle if he is generous, to his comrade. Avranna fired at a young caribou and grazed its leg. The animal was practically unhurt, and would have escaped us altogether had I not brought it down with a second shot. The deer nevertheless was Avranna's. If the caribou had made good its escape, though, and been brought down later, he would have had no claim. Ikpakhuak came upon a caribou that had been slightly wounded earlier in the day by another hunter. He shot it, and it was recognized as his property, all that the other man could claim being the arrow point that remained in the wound."

1: Jenness--101 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 224

"Around Prince Albert sound and Minto inlet polar bears are almost as important an item of diet in winter as seals. The liver is said to produce sickness and is therefore never eaten. According to McClintock, the same thing is said in Greenland about the heart, (1) but whether this is so among the Copper Eskimos I do not know. Caribou are very numerous in the valley of the lower Coppermine river throughout the winter. In February, 1915, we saw at least two hundred in a single day, just above Bloody fall. The Copper Eskimos, however, never hunt them at that season, but spend all their days on the sea ice. One man said that their bows would snap with the intense cold; but this can hardly be true for the Backs river natives, who remain inland all the winter, live during that season on caribou and musk-oxen, which they must formerly have secured with bows and arrows, though now many of the hunters possess rifles. In reality the Copper Eskimo is afraid to leave the ice in winter, because it is there alone that he can obtain an ample supply of fuel for his lamp. It is only in the Coppermine region that caribou are numerous enough to furnish the back-fat that might take the place of blubber, and back-fat in any case is a very poor substitute. The Backs river natives use it, but their existence in winter is characterized by the Copper Eskimos as cold and miserable in the

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"1. McClintock, p.100."

extreme. Wood is found in abundance all down the Coppermine to within twelve miles of its mouth, but an open fire is impracticable in a snow hut, and unsatisfactory in a tent; the northern Indians in their tipis scorch on one side of their bodies while they freeze on the other.

In the early spring, when the caribou are moving across the straits northward, the Eskimos are still living on the sea ice. Occasionally they attempt to intercept the deer; but as a rule they have little success, because the level surface of the ice gives no cover to a hunter who must approach within twenty yards of his quarry before he can launch a shaft with any certainty of hitting his mark. Rifles, however, are changing this, and the Eskimos are beginning to hunt the deer on land and ice alike, both in the spring and fall. They welcome a change of diet just as we do, and after a long regime of seal-meat they look forward to caribou-meat and fish in the early spring just as much as they do to seal-meat at the end of summer. Eagerly the natives watch for the first sign of the migrating caribou; they even go shoreward at times to intercept the herds. In March, 1916, a band of natives moved close in to the shore off Cape Lambert just at the time when the caribou might be expected to cross the strait, and portions of the first deer they killed were conveyed by sled to the main camp near the Liston and Sutton islands. There the natives were expectantly awaiting its arrival. As the sled approached the settlement the hunter ran from side to side two or three times to

announce his success, and immediately an excited crowd of natives turned out of their huts to welcome him."

1: Jenness--145-152 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 224

"On the land, as we have seen, the whole life of the Copper Eskimos is devoted to hunting game animals, and fishing for lake trout and salmon in the lakes and streams. Naturally the natives have adopted many curious devices in their endless quest for food. Their principal hunting weapon, apart from the harpoon used in sealing, is the bow. Back says that the inland natives make a most effective use of the sling. (1) I never saw a regular sling amongst the Copper Eskimos, though the children often use their tump-lines, kakautak, for throwing stones at birds; they call a sling illuktak. Some of the natives have seen the bolas among the inland people; they described it correctly enough, but could not say how it was used. All their own hunting on land, whether for big game or for small, is done with the bow. Collinson thought their marksmanship was very good; he states that 'on one occasion the natives were induced to show their skill by shooting at the mast-head vane from before the windlass. I did not see the practice, but was told it was extremely good, the vane being hit three or four times, although it was unsteady.' (2) Parry found the natives of Wager inlet tolerable archers. 'We tried their skill in archery by getting them to shoot at a mark

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"1. Back, p. 381."
"2. Collinson, p. 275."

for a prize, though with bows in extremely bad order on account of the frost, and their hands very cold. The mark was two of their spears stuck upright in the snow, their breadth being three inches. At twenty yards they struck this every time; at thirty, sent the arrows always within an inch or two of it; and at forty or fifty yards, I should think would generally hit a fawn if the animal stood still.' (3) Mr. Stefansson says that 'tolerable accuracy, such as is needed in shooting birds, is not secured beyond a range of twenty five or thirty yards. Against caribou the effective range varies with [146] different archers, generally between seventy-five and ninety yards, and is probably not over one hundred. At thirty or fifty yards members of our party have repeatedly seen an arrow pass through the thorax or abdomen of an adult caribou and fly several yards beyond.'(1) In another passage he says, 'Two bows were brought out at our request. The range seems to be about one hundred yards, and at twenty-five yards they hit within a foot of the target bull's eye about four out of five times. Doubtless

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"3. Parry, Vol. IV, p. II."
"1. Stefansson, Anthrop. Papers, A. M. N. H., Vol. XIV, pt. I, p. 96."

these two were the best bowmen. Evidently the bow is a more satisfactory weapon for deer than I had supposed, yet it surprised me that they should have given up the method of spearing, which has everywhere, so far as I know, been the mainstay of deer-hunting."(2)

My own observations led me to a less favourable conclusion. Ikpakhuak was reputed to be one of the best bowmen in Dolphin and Union strait, and the maximum distance he could send an arrow was about 125 yards. Even at a fixed target his marksmanship was indifferent. During the summer of 1915 the natives set up a clod of earth about a foot square for a target. They went back forty paces and tried their skill, but only about one shot in twenty hit the mark. The men seemed to be no more accurate than the children, though, their bows being stronger, their arrows flew with more velocity. Two of the women joined in the sport, using their husbands' or their children's bows; they acquitted themselves hardly less creditably than the others. I frequently watched the men shooting at ptarmigan and water-fowl, and without exception their marksmanship was poor. It was no better even with larger game. They could hardly fail to hit a caribou at fifteen or twenty yards when the animal was stationary, but I have seen them miss a running deer at this range. They themselves admit that the bow is of little use at distances greater than about thirty yards. It is worth noticing that one of the best archers in the whole

"2. Ibid., p. 242."

country used a single-piece bow; probably it was more reliable than the usual three-piece weapon.

What he lacks in weapons, however, the Eskimo makes up for in craft. All the precautions and tricks of the European hunter are known to him. The moment a deer is sighted he examines the country to discover the best means of approaching unseen. He tests the direction of the wind by pulling a few hairs from his mitten and letting them float in the air. Stealthily, with soft footsteps if the snow is hard and crystalline, he approaches his quarry, and if he cannot draw near enough under cover he patiently lies down and waits for hours till the deer comes close of its own accord. When there is no cover at all he imitates the deer itself, drawing his peaked hood up over his head and stooping as he walks. In one hand he holds up his walking-stick, in the other his bow, so that from a distance they resemble the horns of a caribou. Two men will walk side by side in this fashion, when the deer is on a flank, or one behind the other when the deer is straight ahead. Sometimes it takes no notice, conceiving the hunter to be only another animal of its own kind; the man then wanders to and fro as though grazing but always drawing a little nearer until suddenly he drops on one knee and launches his shaft. More often the deer grows curious and runs towards him, then stops, stares hard for a minute and pretends to go on feeding. Let the man forget his part for an instant, or make a single mistake, and the deer will dash away at full speed; but let

him pretend to graze also and keep his distance, and the deer will probably come nearer still. It seldom comes close enough for the man himself to shoot, but nearly always there is another hunter concealed close by for whom the first acts only as a blind.

Indians often stalk as close as possible to their game, then race forward at full speed, trusting to get near enough to fire a shot before the animal has recovered from its amazement and turned to flee. The Copper Eskimos occasionally [147] adopt a similar method when the caribou are migrating across the ice in spring and fall. They lie in wait with their sleds; the moment the deer appear the dogs dash after them and sometimes carry the hunter close enough for him to launch a shaft successfully. This method was seldom attempted as long as they had only bows and arrows, but is naturally coming more into vogue now that many of the natives are supplied with rifles. As a rule, though, the Copper Eskimos prefer to stalk their game, and will wait several hours if necessary till the animals draw near of their own accord. The patience of the natives is extraordinary. In May, 1915, Ikpakhuak would spend 12 or 14 hours at a stretch watching from the top of a ridge for the caribou crossing the strait; now and again he would snatch a little sleep with his head resting on a boulder, then wake and resume his watch. In June of the same year Avranna, Milukkattak and I went hunting, but had gone only about five miles when a heavy snowstorm came on, with a cold driving north wind. It was useless to look for caribou through the blinding clouds of

snow, so we decided to wait where we were until the atmosphere cleared again. Avranna and I sat with our backs to the wind, and Milukkattak huddled in partial shelter between our feet. Thus we sat for half an hour. I found it bitterly cold, but Avranna was quite accustomed to it and merely dropped his head on his chest and fell fast asleep.

Many signals are used in hunting, as might be expected from such a people. 'Caribou or musk-oxen in sight' is indicated by alternately throwing up the arms and stooping down. If the game is near the outstretched hand is lowered towards the ground several times, palm downwards, as a sign to keep quiet. [148] Our 'tsh' is attaho or atta, the latter being used also towards dogs. If the other hunter is some distance away the Eskimo sometimes croaks like a raven to put him on his guard. For 'come quickly' the hunter holds the forearm vertical and moves it rapidly up and down as in our military signal 'double march.' Waving the coat over the head upward means 'come', downward towards the ground 'go back.' The hunter announces his success by running from side to side two or three times, (1) often following this up by waving his coat up-

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"1. The same signal is used to announce the arrival of friendly strangers. Cf. Stefansson, My Life with the Eskimo, p. 280."

ward, when the women or children go over with the sled or pack-straps and carry home the meat. To answer a signal, showing that it has been observed, bow two or three times towards the ground. The two animals that are considered the most dangerous, polar and brown bears, have a special signal. The hunter capers first on one foot, then on the other, waving his arms or his coat above his head. (2)

Signs or landmarks, nakkatain, are often erected to guide the hunter back to camp, or to point out the spot where meat has been cached. Thus a hunter who is unable to carry home all his spoils will erect two triangular or rectangular snow-blocks about a hundred yards apart, on rising ground if possible, so that the person sent out to bring in the meat will sight their broad surfaces from a distance, and know the direction of the cache. In summer, when there is no snow on the ground, large stones are used in exactly the same way; the Eskimos often cap them with black turf to make them more conspicuous. Ikpakhuak and I killed two caribou one day, and, not being able to carry all the meat back to camp, we piled most of it in a heap on top of a ridge, and surround-

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"2. Boas, Bulletin A. M. N. H., Vol. XV, 1907, p. 266, gives an illustration of this signal from Hudson bay, but calls it the musk-ox signal."

ed it with five stones capped with sods, so that Higilak might find it more easily the next day. On another occasion we were returning to camp after a day spent in hunting, and came upon three fresh snow-blocks in line with one another and about twenty yards apart. They pointed directly toward the tents of the Eskimos on the other side of the ridge, and had been set up expressly to guide us thither, for the camp had been moved during our absence.

The same word nakkatain is used for the stones that a hunter often places on the spot where he has killed his quarry. They are found most frequently near pits, tallut, where the archers have lain concealed during organized deer drives, and from which they have launched their shafts. On the site where a caribou has fallen the victorious hunter places a small black stone on top of a larger white one, or vice versa, the main object being to make it conspicuous. The stones vary in size according to the size of the caribou killed, large ones for a bull and small ones for a fawn. Sometimes one finds three or four such marks near a single pit, and then the suspicion arises that some wandering hunter, lighting on the pit, has left these supposititious records by way of a joke. Ikpakhuak was doing this one day in the fall of 1915; he set up nakkatain beside every pit that we came across in our hunting. Such records therefore are not to be relied upon. Yet there is one point in connection with them that is worth noticing; they rarely lie more than twenty paces from the pits, showing how close the Eskimo needs to be before he

can launch a shaft with any certainty of success.

As long as the natives used only bows and arrows comparatively few caribou were shot by individuals hunting alone. The majority were obtained in drives, when the animals were either herded through narrow gaps where the archers lay concealed in shallow pits, or were driven into the lakes and speared while swimming. Richardson saw this latter method carried out on the Rae river. 'The more active of the natives,' he says, 'go at this season to the meadows which we had crossed the previous day, and gradually drive the [149] animals to the inlet, hemming them in and compelling them, with the aid of their dogs, to take to the water. As soon as this takes place, the rest of the party, who are lying in wait in their kayaks, paddle towards the herd and spear as many of them as they can.' (1) Lines of stones, with here and there a stick to which a coat or a flat resonant board is attached, are run down each side of the valley from

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"1. Richardson, p. 188; cf. Dease and Simpson, Journ. Royal Geogr. Soc., Vol. 8, p. 218; Russell, p. 227; Stefansson, Anthrop. Papers. A. M. N. H., Vol. XIV, pt. I, p. 385, etc."

the deer to the lake, where the hunters lie concealed in their kayaks. (2) The women and children behind the deer howl like wolves hu-u-u-u hu-u-u-u, and the startled deer move down between the lines until they reach the water. There they stop irresolute, afraid to dash off to a flank on account of the barricade of stones and streamers. The 'wolves' draw nearer and nearer until the frightened deer one after the other rush into the water and try to swim across the lake. Then the kayakers dash out, each man armed with a short knife lashed on the end of a pole. One after another the helpless caribou are stabbed in the nape of the neck, nooses are thrown over their horns and their carcasses dragged to the shore.

Scores of caribou are killed in this way every summer on the mainland south of Coronation gulf. Farther east, round Bathurst inlet, the slaughter is greater still. In November, 1917, a Royal North West Mounted Police patrol visited the mouth of a small river that flows into Gordon bay, and found deer carcasses strewn all along its banks

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"2. Douglas, p.131, mentions barricades of trees thrown across a river near Great Bear lake, apparently for a deer-drive."

under the snow. Evidently the natives had speared them that summer and taken only the skins, leaving the meat to be devoured by the wolves and ravens. (3)

In Victoria island kayaks are rarely used. Instead, the natives make shallow pits, tallut, across the neck of the barricades and shoot the deer as they are driven up. These drives call for a considerable amount of strategy and the careful utilization of topographical features. The caribou may be grazing at the end of a plain a quarter of a mile wide, bounded by a low ridge on one side and a lake on the other. Then the hunters will set up their turf-capped stones at intervals of thirty or forty yards along the top of the ridge, and probably swing the line round across the plain to within a hundred yards of the water's edge. Where the ground is low and stones would not show up with sufficient clearness walking-sticks are driven into the soil, and coats, or laths of wood shaped like a bull-roarer, only broader, are fastened to their ends. The fluttering of the coats in the wind deters the caribou from breaking through the line; in the case of the laths a child is stationed near by to hammer them with a stick.

"3. Report of the Bathurst Inlet Patrol, Ottawa, 1917, p. 40."

Between the end of the barricade and the lake each hunter digs a shallow pit, using for his adze a sharpened antler. He stabs this into the turf, pulls the clod up with his hands and lays it round the edge. In a few minutes he has made a saucer-shaped depression faced with turf and stones or snow to make it as inconspicuous as possible. Here he lies, face downwards, with his bow and arrows by his side waiting for the deer to be driven within range. The women and children, in the meantime, have gone to windward, and the deer either catch their scent and move off down the wind, or are set in motion by wolf-howls. If the women are not in sight the caribou usually reach the hunters walking or slowly trotting, at intervals one behind the other, so that often the first is shot before the rest are yet in sight. Sometimes, as they dash back after the first animal is shot, an Eskimo will utter a sudden loud shout, when often they will stop amazed for a moment and allow him to launch another shaft, [sic] [150] Generally, though, the hunter still tries to keep in concealment, and the caribou, meeting the women as they run back, return again. I have seen them driven backwards and forwards in this way three or four times before the remainder of the herd broke through the lines past the archers and galloped away. Small herds of four or five deer are occasionally exterminated, but usually some of them escape, while not infrequently the deer break back past the women at the very beginning and never approach the hunters at all. Natives who have only bows and arrows, however, much prefer this method to

simple stalking, even in the case of a single caribou, because they are much more certain of securing a shot at close range.

Although the caribou is not as dangerous as the moose during the rutting season, yet there have been cases in which a bull has turned and gored his hunter. The fathers of two men, Kaiyaryuk and Karitak, whom I met in Dolphin and Union strait, were living together one summer on Victoria island, their wives being sisters. One day, while they were fishing in a lake, a large bull caribou suddenly came into view. Kaiyaryuk's father caught up his bow and concealed himself, while his companion went round behind the animal and tried to drive it towards him. The bull turned on him, however, and gored him several times before his fellow-hunter had time to race up and despatch it with his arrows; but the man was injured so severely that he died a few hours afterwards.

Similar drives are organized for musk-oxen, though I never witnessed one myself. The natives say that these animals, unlike deer, will not flee at the sight of a human being, and in consequence are often driven right up to the camp before being despatched. The women utter a more prolonged wolf-howl for musk-oxen than for deer, but I was never told the reason. The natives have a story that an inland hunter named Kernet once ran down a musk-ox, sprang [151] upon its back and ripped open its flank with his knife. These inland natives between Bathurst inlet and Hudson bay dig pits, karigittak, for caribou in deep mounds of snow, and plant knives with upturned points at the bottom, con-

cealing the hole with grass and snow. Sometimes they set up snow-blocks beside the pits and urinate on them, so that the deer will be attracted by the odour, break through the crust, and be impaled on the knives at the bottom. A Puivlik Eskimo who made a similar pit near the mouth of the Coppermine river in 1915 caught two wolves in it.

Deadfalls for foxes were common enough when we entered the country, for during the three preceding years Captain Bernard had given a great impetus to trapping by trading mainly for skins. I saw a very typical deadfall on Victoria island. It was made of snow-blocks, and had a small rectangular doorway leading into a square chamber with a snow-block roof. The roof was weighted with a stone and supported underneath by a perpendicular stick, itself pivoted on another stick that pointed inwards and was baited on its inner end, about an inch and a half from the ground, with a piece of blubber. The fox had to enter the chamber before it could seize the blubber; in so doing it displaced the upright stick and brought the roof down on top of itself.

Wolves, rabbits, foxes and brown bears are shot from cover in the same way as caribou. From the top of a low knoll one day Ikpakhuak saw a fox down in the valley below him. He kept carefully under cover and made a squeaking sound with his lips like the cry of a young bird. The fox ran straight up the side of the knoll and came within twenty yards before it noticed the man and fled. I have seen Ikpakhuak try to quiet startled rabbits in the same manner, by emitting a smacking sound with his lips such as the

rabbits themselves make. Once, too, after shooting a doe, he tried to attract its tiny fawn by 'chucking' after the manner of its mother.

The brown bear is far more dreaded than the white bear, apparently because it is more ready to turn on the hunter when brought to bay. We saw one man with his thumb torn off, another with his head badly scarred, and in each case the injury had been inflicted by a wounded brown bear that had turned and mauled the hunter before he could deliver the death stroke with his knife. A Dolphin and Union strait Eskimo named Taligvak had a startling experience [152] with a brown bear. He and the natives of his settlement saw two or three flashes of lightning one day, and retired in alarm to their tents. Taligvak fell asleep, but was suddenly awakened by the sound of fighting outside, and before he had time to rise a brown bear ripped open the side of his tent and broke the poles. Taligvak seized his knife and delivered a blind thrust at the animal. He missed it, but the bear, quite as startled as the man at the sudden collapse of the tent, turned round and fled, tramping down in its terror the racks of meat that the Eskimos had set out to dry.

Polar bears are run down on foot, usually with the help of dogs, and are then speared with harpoons, or with knives lashed to the ends of long poles. We ran down a mother and its cub close to Cape Baring in 1915, after a chase of about five miles. The natives have many stories, of course, about their experiences with these animals. One seized

the leg of a woman as she was entering the passage of her hut. She screamed, and a man rushed out and shot it with his bow. Another bear trampled down a snow hut and carried off a woman who was sleeping inside, although there was a man on each side of her. A polar bear attacked a boy who had lingered behind his people during a migration. He thrust his harpoon into its throat until it retired, when he fled and told his people; several of the hunters then returned and killed the bear. A rather humorous story is told of a native in south-west Victoria island, near Cape Hamilton, who heard a noise outside his tent one night and, thinking his dogs were fighting, seized his snow-duster and went out to punish them. In the darkness he faintly discerned an animal in front of him, so he caught hold of it and began to thresh it. To his horror it proved to be a polar bear, but with great presence of mind he caught up his bow and shot it."

1: Jenness--181 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 782, 224

"It behoves the Eskimo therefore to be very careful in all his actions. Not only must he propitiate the shades of the Eskimo dead, lest they should become offended and strive to slay him and to convert him into a tornrak like themselves; but he must never forget to propitiate also the animals he kills. Every seal that is dragged inside his hut must have a little water poured into its mouth, or a little lamp oil instead, for seals are thirsty animals and have a great craving for water (or blubber). Caribou would be given the same, the natives say, only they have not the same strong desire. Geese and other water-fowl, and ptarmigan, all have a longing for oil, so before an Eskimo skins or plucks such a bird he rubs a little fat or blubber on the head, the wing-joints and the feet; but birds of other species have no desire of this kind. Propitiation must be offered to the shades of all fierce and dangerous animals, that is to say of polar and brown bears and of wolves. We shot a polar bear and its cub in the summer of 1915, and Ikpakhuak made a tiny bow and arrow to leave beside the mother's head; he called it a hunting weapon for the bear's shade, and said that a similar gift should be made to the shade of every bear or wolf that is killed. No sewing was permitted on the following day. Moreover, on the last day of the same year, Kesullik, who had been in our party when the bears were killed, captured a seal which he handed over to Ikpakhuak; it was the first seal that had entered Ikpakhuak's house since the slaying of the bears. Now polar bears are like the Eskimos in this respect, that they, too, live largely on

seals. Accordingly, when Ikpakhuak had cut off the flippers of the seal and laid them at the back of the hut, his wife stripped off a little of the skin so that he could drive his knife into the animal's belly. This would please the polar bear, he said, and give him success in his sealing; if he had not done this they would have been angry with him and kept all the seals away. According to Milukkattak the usual custom is to lay a miniature bow and arrow beside only the male bear or wolf; beside the female the hunter places a strip of sealskin or deerskin which the shade of the animal can use as a needle-holder. They are like human beings, Milukkattak went on to say, and have need of the same things, the male of his hunting weapons, and the female of her needle-case.(1)"

"1. Cf. Rasmussen, p.111; Stefansson, My Life with the Eskimo, p. 57, and Anthrop. Papers, A.M.N.H., Vol. XIV, pt.I, p. 353; Boas, Bulletin A.M.N.H., Vol. XV, pt.I, p.124."

1: Jenness--185 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 784, 224

"The Eskimos must be just as careful in their conduct when the caribou are migrating south in the fall as when the salmon are migrating up stream in the spring. Higilak checked me from throwing a marrow bone to a dog one day, saying that it was tabooed in the place where the deer had been killed. I saw Ikpakhuak do the same thing a few days later, and when I told him of Higilak's objection he said that the bones he had given his dog were from caribou killed a long way off (actually it was about five miles), and that only the bones of caribou killed in the immediate vicinity were under the ban. In skinning such caribou it is forbidden to cut off the ears at the roots, as is done at other seasons of the year; the skin must be pulled off them. None of the contents of the stomach, again, must be allowed to escape and taint the ground in the path the caribou are taking, kalgini, otherwise the shades of the dead Eskimos, it was said, would be offended and keep the deer away. For the same reason Higilak would not make me a deerskin dog harness at this period, but waited until the migration was over. Ikpakhuak had bad luck in hunting one day, and Higilak discovered through her familiar spirit that she had been sewing too much deerskin clothing, while Ikpakhuak had also been at fault by hammering too much on the stones when loosening them for caches, neither of which things should be done to excess on the path of the migration. (1)"

"1. I do not know whether any of these taboos are observed in the spring while the caribou are migrating north."

2: Stefansson--48 (1908-1912) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 224, 262

"Most of the Copper Eskimo depend chiefly on seals for food in winter. Fish are said to be caught at all seasons by the Ekalluktogmiut; the Kanhiryuarmiut secure a large number of bears in midwinter in southern Banks Island and all tribes secure stray foxes and wolves now and then. Musk-oxen are never hunted by the Kanhiryuarmiut in winter, but if a band wanders down to the coast between Nelson Head and De Salis Bay the opportunity is taken advantage of. We never heard of caribou being killed in winter either on the mainland or on the islands west of Bathurst Inlet. Among most of the tribes in question no taboo prevents caribou hunting at any season, so far as our questions could bring out; it simply has never been tried. Among half a dozen tribes I have myself been assisted by natives in caribou hunting on the sea ice, and I have seen caribou meat and seal meat eaten at the same meal by members of the following tribes: Nagyuktogmiut, Kohluktogmiut, Pallirmiut, Puiplirmiut, Noahonirmiut, Akuliakattagmiut, and Kanhiryuarmiut. Some families said, however, that caribou and seal meat should not be cooked in the same pot unless the pot were suspended over the lamp by a fresh cord when the caribou meat was to be cooked; but most people paid no attention to even this prohibition."

2: Stefansson--49 (1908-12) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 224

"In bear hunting among the Kanhiryuarmiut two or more men usually hunt together. Sleds are not used, as for instance in Smith Sound and among other eastern Eskimo, but dogs loose or in leash accompany the hunter. When a bear is either accidentally met with or is found by the following of a fresh trail, the dogs are turned loose. They overtake the animal and hold it at bay by barking and by nipping its heels when it turns to run. On close approach it is then shot with arrows or speared with lances improvised by lashing the hunting knife (iron or copper) on the end of a long walking staff (aiaupiak) which Eskimo usually carry on their hunts, whether in winter or summer."

2; Stefansson--55 (1908-1912) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 136, 224

"The musk-ox plays no part in spring among any Victoria Island tribes directly known to us, nor among any people on the mainland much west of Gray Bay. About Gray Bay and east of it musk-oxen are more numerous and are said to come down towards the sea in the spring, but to what extent they are killed while the snow is still on the ground we do not know. The pursuit of these animals will assume new phases now that guns are about to be introduced in Coronation Gulf. It is said there are some musk-oxen east and north of Minto Inlet, Victoria Island, so the Kanhiryuatjiagmiut may get a few occasionally."

2: Stefansson--55 (1908-1912) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 224

"Hares and ptarmigan are shot with bows and form part of the food supply in spring, summer, and fall."

2: Stefansson--55 (1908-1912) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 136, 224

"An important food animal in the mainland districts is the marmot (Spermophilus parrii). These awake from their winter hibernation in April and when they first come out of their holes they are rolling in fat and are excellent eating. Many are killed with bows and many are caught at the mouths of their holes with slip nooses of slender braided sinew. It is generally not difficult, except for large parties, to secure enough of these to feed men and dogs. Certain sections, especially rocky barrens, are largely wanting in squirrels, however, while others, such as the flats of Rae River and the lower twenty miles of the Coppermine, are abundantly supplied."

2: Stefansson--55-56 (1908-1912) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 136, 224

"It is only on Banks Island and southwestern Victoria Island that polar [56] bears are common at any season. A stray bear may find its way into Dolphin and Union Straits and Coronation Gulf, especially in the spring. One at least was killed by the Puiplirmiut in 1911. I have however, both among the Akuliakattagmiut and in Coronation Gulf, seen grown men who have never seen a live polar bear. Brown bears (Ursus arctos Richardsoni) are quite absent from Victoria Island but most mainland tribes kill one of them now and then, especially the Akuliakattagmiut. If found still in the stupor of hibernation they are easily despatched, but if awake (any time after the middle of April, or even sooner) they are more difficult game than polar bears. One or two good dogs will generally keep a polar bear at bay; it is seldom dogs can hold a barren ground bear. At close quarters, too, they are more dangerous than white bears both to men and dogs, and many a man bears the mark of their claws. They are however attacked singlehanded, by hunters armed with only the bow and knife. We were told that the hunter sometimes pays for his venturesomeness with his life; of this, however, we learned no specific instance, though I saw among the Kogluktogmiut a man whose eye had been scratched out and who had been 'confined to the house' the larger part of the summer as a result of the mauling he got."

2: Stefansson--57 (1908-1912) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 224

"All the hunting practically is with the bow and arrow, either by simple stalking, or, by driving bands of deer towards concealed hunters. The first consists merely of approaching the deer to seventy-five yards or less by such methods as the character of the ground and the other special features of each case suggest. Just before sending the arrow, the hunter usually abandons all attempts at concealment and makes a sudden dash towards the caribou, thus usually getting fifteen or twenty yards nearer than was possible by stealth, for sometimes the animals will not at once notice a man running at them though upright at close range and even when they see him their minds seem to work slowly and it takes them a second or two of staring to make up their minds to run, and then they do not always run directly away, but as often as not at about right angles to the approach of the hunter. The first run is often, too, only a dash of a dozen bounds, after which they stop to have another look, and thus give the hunter a chance to speed three or four arrows. At close range an arrow that does not strike a bone will go entirely through the largest bull caribou and often fly a considerable distance on the other side. An animal wounded by an arrow that stays in the wound, and all do, unless they pass clear through, usually lies down to prevent the arrow from working in the wound, and is then easily approached for a second shot. I have known a single hunter to separately approach and kill three isolated caribou in a single day."

2: Stefansson--57 (1908-1912) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 224

"For spearing caribou a few members of the Puiplirmiut, Nagyuktogmiut, Pallirmiut, and Kogluktogmiut still use kayaks. Formerly, they say, while caribou were more numerous, kayaks were more numerous and much used. A few even of those who hunt farthest inland carry kayaks by sled or on their backs to astonishing distances from the sea. The summer of 1910 seven or more kayaks were brought to the lake, Imaernirk, in which the middle branch of the Dease River heads. On e of these came from the Kent Peninsula and had been packed on the back a hundred miles of that distance by Itigaaittok ('The Footless') whose toes and insteps of both feet froze off a few years ago and who has only the heels of his feet to walk on."

2: Stefansson--58 (1908-1912) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 224

"Most of the caribou killed, however, are secured by the concerted action of several men, women, and children. Even the dogs help. When a band is discovered feeding a V-shaped 'fence' is constructed somewhere beyond their line of vision, generally to leeward. The 'fence' consists of straight lines of stones or pieces of sod raised on end and set twenty to forty yards apart. In spring, blocks of snow are used instead. These stones, sods or blocks of snow are often not over eighteen inches high and no particular pains need be taken as to their shape or appearance, though a dab of earth is usually put on a block of snow or light colored stone so as to make sure the animals will see it. Apparently the eyesight of caribou is very poor, as compared with that of man. When this fence is completed, (a half dozen men make one a mile long in an hour), the men conceal themselves in the angle of the V, the women and children with the dogs, go to windward of the deer to drive them. Usually the deer do not see the women who go to their windward. A few long-drawn wolf howls will generally set a band of deer in slow motion before the wind, or in the direction they are migrating. If they attempt to pass outside one of the wings of the V, someone is there to turn them, and usually the band moving in single file along one side the V-shaped fence, much like horses along a barbed-wire fence, arrives at a walk or slow trot at the point where the angle of the fence becomes so narrow, (about one hundred yards), that they begin to notice the fence on the other side and to see there is no opening. Then they bunch up irresolutely and give the

hunters a good opportunity to shoot. Members of our party have seen only as many as eleven caribou killed in this way by four hunters and half-a-dozen women and children. It is uncertain how many they get in lucky hauls, none can tell themselves, for none can count, but they considered eleven a small catch. Perhaps six to eight animals per hunter may be near the ordinary limit, though we have been told that occasionally not a single animal escapes of those that once enter the fence."

2: Stefansson--58-59 (1908-1912) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 136, 224

"Most of those groups who hunt on the mainland kill a barren ground bear (Ursus richardsoni) now and then. These animals are not found in Victoria Island. A few musk-oxen are killed by the Kanhiryuarmiut only in Banks Island, by the Akuliakattagmiut west and northwest of Dismal Lake, and by the more easterly people in the district towards Kent Peninsula and southward perhaps to the Akilinik River. Otherwise, musk-oxen are extinct from the mainland and Victoria Island in the districts frequented [59] by the groups under discussion. Where there are musk-oxen they are naturally an easy prey for the Eskimo, who surround them with their dogs and usually kill every animal of every band found."

2: Stefansson--59
116, 224, 262

(1908-1912) 1914

Copper Eskimo

"A few wolves and foxes are killed every year, with the bow, for there is little trapping, and a good many spermophiles (marmots) are taken. The skins of all of these are valued for clothing, though deerskin is preferred, and the meat of all is eaten, though only the marmots are secured in numbers to make them of significance as sources of food. The Akuliakattagmiut and others kill a few muskrats, but they use neither skins nor meat but only use the tails for charms."

2: Stefansson--84-85 (1908-1912) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 411, 224

"The caribou spear is used only in connection with the kayak for killing deer as they swim lakes or rivers. There are typically two spears to a set. When the kayaks at the spearing places are made ready to be launched two spears are attached to the deck of the craft, forward of the manhole; in [85] traveling the spears are usually packed inside the kayak. The head is not barbed nor detachable, as the weapon is intended for repeated successive rapid stabs at the same animal or different animals. The heads of spears seen by us (not over twenty all together) were in about equal number of copper and iron."

2: Stefansson--96 (1908-12) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 224, 411

"A defect of the 'Tartar' bow is that as its shooting power depends entirely, or almost so, on the sinew backing, the weapon becomes weak or useless if the sinew gets damp. Eskimo therefore protect their bows carefully in bags of water-proof seal-skin, and are reluctant to use them in a rain or even a heavy fog. For this reason, also, the bows must be daily tested to see if the backing or the bowstring has become too tense or too lax from dryness or damp. There is seldom a day, even when the bow is not used, that it is not partly taken to pieces for one reason or another, generally to give an extra twist to the backing to relax it by taking a turn out of it."

2: Stefansson--96 (1908-12) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 224, 411

"The 'killing arrow' differs from the others in having no metal head. On the front of the shaft of wood is set a long double-edged dagger blade of caribou antler from eight to twelve inches long. This arrow is used to despatch wounded animals and is discharged at close range behind the shoulder of the caribou into the heart. It is also used by the men to shoot birds, as men seldom carry blunt arrows. This arrow is never barbed.

The blunt bird arrows are carried only by women and boys and are used chiefly against ptarmigan. The shaft is of the ordinary character, except a little shorter than is usual. The head is of antler (or of wood, in the case of very small boys) and has a flat front end or one slightly rounded, to give a stunning blow."

2: Stefansson--97 (1908-12) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 224, 501

"The kayak might be described as a hunting implement for it is only incidentally used for other purposes than spearing caribou. It is never used, we were told, for sealing. A sufficient explanation for which is that the people are never on the sea and seldom near it during the period of open water. The kayak has, so far as we know, disappeared during the present generation from among Kanhiryuarmiut, the Nuwukpagmiut, Haneragmiut, and Akuliakattagmiut and is owned by less than one hunter of five among all the other groups familiar to us. It seems in danger of becoming obsolete."

2: Stefansson--97 (1908-12) 1914 Copper Eskimo
116, 224, 411

"Deadfall traps are known, but we have seen none in use. One man of the Kogluktogmiut had two common steel traps from Hudson Bay through Uminmuktok; he had never set them for wolves or foxes but used them for trapping birds at their nests, and for spermophiles. This man had a wolfskin coat of two wolves he had shot with his bow. Ordinary snares seem unknown, either for use against animals or birds, but boys catch spermophiles (marmots) with a string snare set in the mouth of the hole, when the animal emerges from the hole the string is jerked after the manner of farm boys catching gophers."

2: Stefansson--242 (1908-12) 1914 Copper Eskimo
224, 117

"Use of Bows. Wanting to see them shoot with bows, I thought it a happy introduction to the subject to show them how to shoot. I therefore set up a small stick at one hundred yards and fired at it. Two of the apparently prominent men went with me at my call for volunteers to see the effect of the shot. Unfortunately, I had missed and wanted to shoot again, but this they earnestly begged I should not do, saying they were unused to such things. I regretted my foolishness in starting this, but seeing it was started I thought it better to show we occasionally did hit, and B. and I each fired once, both hitting. The repetition seemed to rather reassure them. Two bows were then brought out at our request. The range seems to be about one hundred yards and at twenty-five yards they hit within a foot of the target 'bulls eye' about four out of five times. Doubtless these two were the best bow men. Evidently the bow is a more satisfactory weapon for deer than I had supposed, yet it surprised me that they should have given up the method of spearing, which has everywhere, so far as I know, been the mainstay of deer hunting."

"When a caribou killed by an arrow during a death taboo is to be cut up or eaten, care must be taken that no bone is broken. At the place where the carcase is cut up an offering must be made of small pieces of the kidneys, liver, belly meat, intestines, spleen and tongue, and the people must say: Let the spirits of the deep down there eat. They make this sacrifice in order that the spirits may be happy and get fresh animals ready for catching, or bring other game to the hunter.

When the animal is to be cut up a small piece of skin is cut from the groin. This is then placed on the ground under a stone and the following ritual repeated: here is something that can be nearest your body, something that can be soft and warm against your body; give me instead a caribou that I can bring down.

All the bones are only collected and hidden in the event that the man who killed the caribou is under a taboo.

Those who skin a caribou must never cut away the skin round the eyes, nor the skin round the end of the penis. Otherwise the soul of the caribou will feel shame, and this will bring bad luck to the hunter who killed it. For the same reason one must never cut away the skin from the outermost part of the caudal vertebra of a musk ox.

Should a hunter see two caribou fighing, [sic] with their antlers caught together, he must tighten his waistbelt and his kamik laces, and also fasten his hood tight round his neck after having thrown it back. The bulls then will not run away, and he can go right up to them and kill them. This is exactly the opposite of what one must do among the

Iglulingmiut.

The first time a boy kills a caribou or seal, his mother must pretend to weep and wrestle with her son over the animal. Presumably this is done to give the impression to the soul of the animal that the mother is sorry it was killed. This sympathy will make it so pleased that it will often allow itself to be killed by the same boy later in life.

They know of no special taboo against white caribou, the so-called pukit, which by the way are very rare. Netsit once shot one with bow and arrow. It was very fat, and without further formality they [40] began to eat it; but the meat was almost uneatable, qijorhúnnigtorâluk: it tasted of piss, it being rutting time."

3: Rasmussen--48 [5] (c. 1923) 1932 Copper Eskimo
116, 224, 777

"For a boy a toy is made out of the metacarpal bones of a seal, a thong being run through them; these the boy throws about outside. If the bones have been taken from a seal caught by a good hunter they will give the boy luck when sealing in later life.

A piece of the 'velvet' of a caribou horn, lost during the period when the animals have this covering, is a good amulet for a boy, who will become a skilful caribou hunter."

3: Rasmussen--77 [2] (c. 1923) 1932 Copper Eskimo
116, 224

"Throughout the whole summer there is a constant migration through the Ahiarmiut country out to the coast, where the caribou flee in order to escape the clouds of mosquitos; it is then that they are hunted at the crossing places, especially from kayaks, and much dried meat is prepared and cached for the winter."

3: Rasmussen--77-78 (c. 1923) 1932 Copper Eskimo
116, 224

"In late summer and into autumn the Ahiarmiut move further inland with the herds of caribou, sometimes journeys of ten or twelve days up to a big lake called Equaluarpalik. There they remain throughout the caribou rutting season, and often do not come down to the salt water until the close of December. At the coast clothing is made in the region of Ellice River, and only when this is finished do they go out sealing. In former days it was the Ahiarmiut especially who used to make the long journeys up to Akilineq to trade and also to fetch wood from the forests. They travelled up on the last snows of spring and did not come back until the following winter. The people on Kent Peninsula spent the summer on the peninsula itself, usually at some salmon river, and later on, in autumn , they moved out to Naujat on the west end of the peninsula where there was also a good [78] salmon river. In summer they hunted the caribou everywhere on land and at the crossing places between the islands, bulls being the principal quarry. Large herds used to come up from the region round Ellice River towards the end of July--thin-haired animals that had just cast their coats--and these the women would drive in towards the hides where the hunters lay waiting with bow and arrow. The usual scares were also used in these hunts, made of pieces of wood with streamers, and small cairns built of stones or sods. There were caribou there all through the winter, but bow and arrow were never used then as it was too cold for the hands; winter hunting there has only been practised to any great extent since the introduction of firearms."

3: Rasmussen--78 (c. 1923) 1932 Copper Eskimo
116, 224

"The Malerisiorfingmiut, or Umingmaktôrmiut as they also call themselves: the Musk Ox People, go into the country at the beginning of summer, proceeding from Hope Bay along a river that is called Aringaq. In former times this happened so early in spring that the caribou were still white and often could be hunted from hides that were built up of snow in the days when they only had bow and arrow. Later on in summer, when the caribou went further inland, they followed them and sometimes fell in with the people from Ellice Bay. In the interior they once used to get musk oxen, but this animal is now very rare. Firearms have only recently been introduced in these regions, and in a very short time the effect has been that now there are never any caribou on Kent Peninsula or the hinterland of Hope Bay, and very few in Victoria Land. This scarcity of caribou is not due to their extermination, but simply to the fact thet [sic] they wander along other routes when once they have been scared for a few years in succession by the report of rifles at places where the hunters usually meet them."

3:· Rasmussen--269 (c. 1923) 1932 Copper Eskimo
116, 524, 224

"(those who play that they have caught a bear).

It is a hunting custom that if a man when out alone had killed a bear and is returning home, he places a piece of fat on the end of his harpoon or another piece of wood. He carries the harpoon or stick high in the air, now and then running out to the side, to attract the attention of the village to him. All will then know, while he is still a long way off, that he has caught a bear and will come running towards him. It is a favourite children's game to imitate this custom."

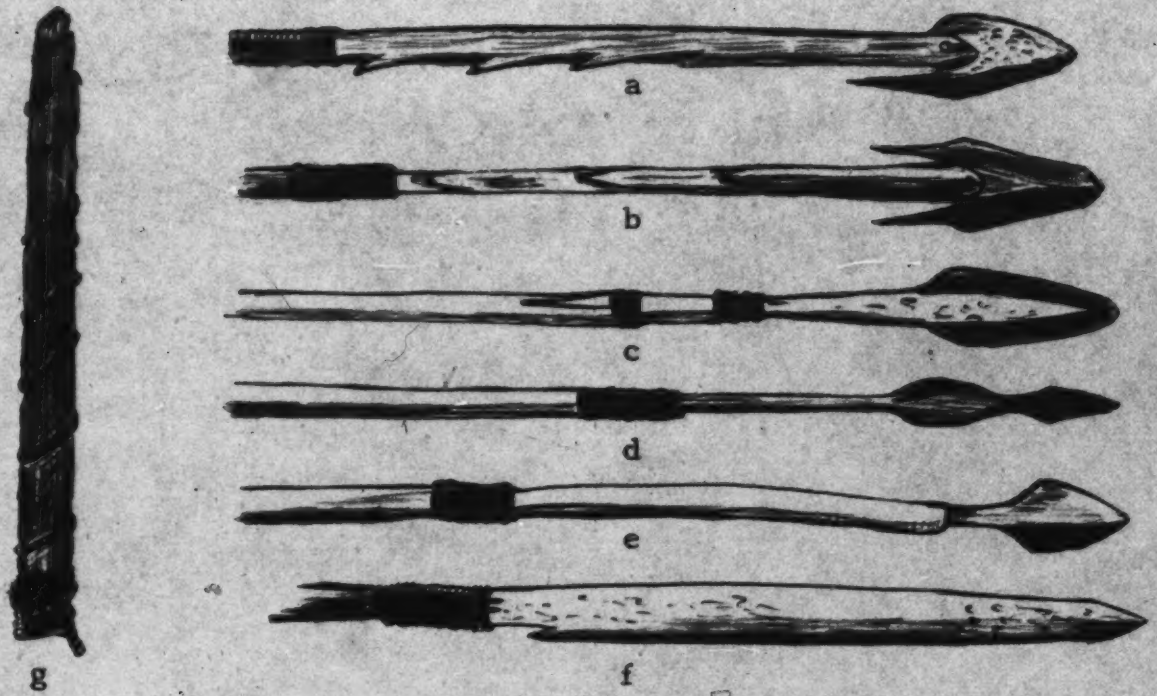

PLATE X

8: Cadzow--18 (1919) 1920 Copper Eskimo-2
116, 224, 411

[AW: Following are the legends for Plate X]

ARROWHEADS AND SHEATH

a, b, Single and double barbed, copper tipped rankling heads. c, Rankling head made from a single strip of copper. d, Double-tipped rankling head of copper. e, Copper tipped, space-shaped rankling head. f, Single notched form of bone arrowhead. g, Rawhide sheath used as cover for f to protect its sharp edges when not in use.

8: Cadzow--19-21 (1919) 1920 Copper Eskimo
116, 224, 411

"Arrowheads.--The Copper Eskimo use three varieties of arrowheads--copper, bone, and antler. Those of copper, made either of a single piece of metal or having an antler foreshaft tipped with a copper point, are the more popular and practical. They are 'rankling' heads, and used for killing big game. The pointed dowel inserted into the shaft of the arrow is made smaller than the socket, so that, when the animal is struck, the head will easily slip out of the socket and remain in the victim's flesh, where with every movement it works farther toward the vitals. The bone- or antler-pointed heads are usually of the same type (pl. x, f), and are employed at close quarters for dispatching wounded game, the heavy, sharp-edged, broad blade tearing a large wound in the victim, killing it quickly.

Pl. x, a, b, represent single- and double- [20] barbed, copper-tipped, rankling heads. The pointed proximal end of each of the round antler foreshafts is inserted in a socket in the end of the wooden shaft, and held in place with a seizing of sinew. The barbs on the foreshaft are designed to prevent the head from slipping from the flesh of the game. The triangular barbed copper tip is fastened to the foreshaft by inserting it in a narrow slot, where it is held in place with a copper rivet.

Pl. x, c, illustrates a copper rankling head made from a single strip of copper, flattened at the end into a triangular point. It is secured to the shaft in the same manner as the heads shown in a and b of the same plate.

A double-tipped rankling arrowhead of copper is figured in d. The two tips of this head, although on the same axis, are at right angles to each other. The forward tip is the piercing part, while the rear tip prevents the head from falling from the flesh.

A copper-tipped, spade-shaped rankling head is shown in e, in which the tip is fast- [21] ened to the antler foreshaft by being placed in a socket at the distal end and held in place with glue made from seal blood. The foreshaft is attached in the same manner as the shafts in a and b.

In f is represented the single-notch form of bone arrowhead, used at close quarters. This head, when not in use, is kept in a rawhide sheath (g) to prevent its sharp edges from being chipped by the copper arrowheads in the quiver.

(a) Length of head, 9 3/4 in.
Width of tip at base, 1 in.

(b) Length of head, 11 in.
Width of tip at base, 3/4 in.

(c) Length of head, 5 in.
Width of tip at base, 1 in.

(d) Length of head, 5 3/4 in.
Width of tips, 1/2 in.

(e) Length of head, 8 1/4 in.
Width of tip at base, 5/8 in.

(f) Length of head, 9 in.
Width of face in center, 3/4 in."

11: Stefansson--264 (1908-1912) 1913 Copper Eskimo
116, 224

"The Noahanirgmiut were still living on seal meat and were making no attempt to kill any of the numerous caribou that were continually migrating past. I thought at first that there might be some taboo preventing them from hunting caribou on the ice, but this they told me was not so. It was simply that they had never hunted caribou on the ice and had not considered it possible. It would in fact be a fairly hopeless thing for them to try it; and while no doubt some of them might occasionally secure an animal, they would waste so much time that the number of pounds of meat they obtained in a week's hunt in that way would be but a small fraction of the amount of seal meat they might have secured in the same time. Besides that, this is the season which the Eskimo give up to the accumulation of blubber for the coming year."

11: Stefansson--265
116, 262, 224

(1908-1912) 1913

Copper Eskimo

"To completely test the matter of whether there was a taboo or not, [JMR: a taboo against hunting caribou on ice] as well as to provide ourselves with fresh meat and our friends with a feast, Natkusiak and I intercepted one of the bands out of which he shot one and I shot three, two of three, by the way, being killed in one shot as the animals were running past at a distance of about three hundred yards. The Eskimo immediately went at the skinning energetically, and I photographed them while they were at it. The meat was then cut up and divided equitably among all the families and the cooking began at once."

12: Collinson--172-173 (1851-53) 1889 Copper Eskimo
116, 493, 224, 141

"On the 7th of November they [T. M: a group of natives] crossed the bay to the southward, and built their huts on that side, about three miles from the ship, mustering in all eight sledges. They visited [173] us on the 8th, and we tried to tempt them with saws and knives to part with some of their venison, but only succeeded in getting a small quantity for our dogs. They evidently had not been successful this season, and had nothing to spare. Some among the tribes were of very different features to the others, the face being oval and the nose aquiline. They numbered between forty-five and fifty all told, and had with them children of all ages."

[P. 1]

MATERIAL CULTURE OF THE COPPER ESKIMO

INTRODUCTION

In 1914, when the Canadian Arctic Expedition established its headquarters at Bernard Harbour in Dolphin and Union Strait, on the western fringe of Copper Eskimo territory, the natives preserved their old culture, virtually unimpaired, despite contact with several explorers in the middle of the nineteenth century, and with others during the early years of the twentieth. The only visible change caused by these contacts was the introduction of a considerable quantity of iron, which the Eskimo hammered cold, as they hammered their native copper, and had already substituted for copper in knives, adzes, harpoon heads, and needles. From lack of ammunition the only men who possessed rifles, five in number, had fallen back on the bow and arrow, which was still the universal weapon of the chase. Of the arrows not tipped with bone about two-thirds bore tips of hammered copper and only one-third tips of iron; the ice chisel and other tools retained their copper blades and points; and the soapstone pot for cooking meat held undisputed sway in every household. All clothing was of skin or fur, mainly from the caribou and the seal; and in cut and adornment it followed without change the styles set by earlier generations. The blubber of the seal, burned in a soapstone lamp, provided the only artificial light, and throughout the winter months all the energies of the Eskimo were concentrated on the pursuit of seals at their breathing holes in the sea ice.

Ten years later the situation had undergone a profound change. Native copper had become practically valueless and served for rivets only. Bows and arrows had disappeared, because every native was now armed with a high-powered rifle. Other weapons and tools had steel or iron blades, metal cooking pots had ousted the soapstone vessels, and primus lamps and kerosene lanterns were spreading from home to home. Fur clothing was tending to follow western Eskimo patterns, and to be overlaid with bead-work, or with imported garments of cotton or wool. Dissatisfied with the old-fashioned snow-hut and skin-covered kayak, one native had even erected a plank cabin heated by an iron stove, and purchased a motor-boat to transport his household goods along the coast during the brief summer months. The tentacles of the fur trade had firmly gripped the region, and the trapping of foxes, animals of no economic importance in earlier times, now rivalled in importance the hunting of seals and caribou.

Fortunately, before this revolution occurred, the Canadian Arctic Expedition had brought out a large collection of Copper Eskimo specimens, nearly all of which are now stored in the National Museum at Ottawa. These specimens, and

shoes worn by both sexes during the greater part of the year. Steeped in urine for several hours they became waterproof, and served for summer boots, water buckets, quivers, and other articles.

For lines and lashings (which the men made, not the women) it was not necessary to tan the skin; after the removal of the hair the man merely soaked it for a third time in warm water, and cut it in a continuous spiral with his curved whittling knife, while his wife or a friend held the severed parts taut and slightly apart. In cutting he simply pressed the knife, guiding it with his thumb from below, but wherever the strip was very narrow he generally sawed the blade up and down, holding the severed parts in his left hand and guiding the blade with the left index. Newly cut lines were stretched taut between two or more poles out of doors to dry.

The second method of skinning a seal was used only when the owner required a bag with a small opening for storing blubber. The woman then cut the skin around the base of the neck and from the bottom of one hind flipper across to the other. To separate the flesh from the skin—and as far as possible also the blubber—she circled the long snow-knife round between them from each end; then by drawing back the flippers and severing them at the joints with her curved knife, she could draw off the skin over the tail. Subsequently she cut away most of the adhering blubber and sewed up the bottom, leaving the neck open to be tied with a sealskin cord when the poke was filled. In most cases she sewed a strap handle to each end to facilitate handling, as these pokes when filled with blubber weighed from 150 to 200 pounds; if the poke was small, however, she substituted for the straps a short stick thrust through the neck. The Copper Eskimo never skinned an animal through the mouth after the manner of the western Eskimo, or closed their pokes with stoppers.

Although bearded seals were numerous in Dolphin and Union strait, the Eskimo secured very few; and they used for harpoon and sled lines most of the skins of those they did kill, though they were fully aware of the superiority of bearded over foetid sealskins for foot gear. Even their kayaks they covered with the skin of the much commoner foetid seal. Naturally, they treated both kinds of skin in the same way.

Caribou Skins. More important even than sealskins to the Copper Eskimo were the caribou skins from which he made his bedding and the greater part of his clothes, as well as dog harnesses, spring and summer tents, and many other articles that were absolutely indispensable. He skinned the caribou in a way slightly different from that of the ordinary white hunter or from that of the Indians to the south. Beginning at the throat, he cut right down the belly to the tail, then from the hock of each leg up the back as far as the knee, continuing up the inside of the thigh until he reached the incision along the belly. He next punched away the skin from the body down one side, drew out the tail and pulled the skin off down to the feet, where he cut it away at the level of the front of the hoof. Then he slit it down the side of the cheek through the eye and round the base of the horn, and punched it loose with the handle of the hunting knife. Rolling the animal over, he pulled out the skin from below, punched it free of the whole body, and stripped it off down the remaining two legs. A final cut down this cheek similar to the one on the other side, and a few more punches, completed the operation. Thus the skin of the head was removed in three sections that joined at the neck; but the middle strip ran from between the horns to the top of the nose only, as the Eskimo never troubled to remove the skin around the nostrils. Whenever the horns were in the velvet the hunter could jerk the skin over them; but with old bulls whose horns had many branches and roots almost meeting on the forehead, he was often satisfied to strip only the cheeks and leave the skin on the middle of the face untouched. Occasionally he slit from the nose down to midway between the horns, leaving

a large hole where these protruded through and two small holes that marked the eye sockets. The ears he usually cut off at the roots, and pulled them out of the skin with his teeth at his leisure; but in certain circumstances, when it was forbidden to use a knife, he pulled free the outer integument on the spot.

In the late spring, when the caribou was putting on a new coat, the winter hair remained longest on the throat and belly. As this part was useless for clothing, the hair being prone to shed, the Eskimo frequently preserved only the part on which the new coat had already formed and threw the rest of the skin away. In such cases the preliminary incisions for removing the skin followed the outlines of the short hair. Often, however, the native anticipated the natural shedding of the winter hair by pulling it out with his thumb and fingers, leaving the new coat very short and spotted with white hairs, but in this condition highly prized. Later in the season, when the belly of the animal was covered with short white hair, invaluable for trimming, he made a cut along each flank and removed that part of the skin before detaching the remainder.

Blood stains were extracted by rubbing or stamping the skin in hard snow, which acted like damp blotting paper; or by steeping it in cold water and squeezing the hair. The Copper Eskimo woman was very careful not to allow a green skin to dry before scraping away with her curved knife the fat that still adhered to it; and as these scrapings were pure fat, she generally ate them at once, or put them aside for future consumption. Then she stretched the skin out to dry by pegging it to the ground with sticks or weighting down the edges with stones; the white belly skin and the large short-haired skins intended for bedding she always pegged down in order to stretch them as much as possible. When travelling across country day after day in the short Arctic summer, the skin was laid over the back of the pack or across a long pole; and at every halt it was stretched out afresh on the ground to hasten the drying, because a green skin weighed twice as much as a dry one. Once the skin was dry it could be laid aside and not touched again until needed. Then the owner sewed up the rents and scraped the whole underside with the copper- (now iron-) bladed scraper (*See* p. 84). The woman (or man, for the men often scraped skins while the women sewed them) sat back on the sleeping platform, or on the ground outside the tent, and stretched out the skin in front of her. Holding it tightly pinioned at the bottom between her crossed legs, she pulled it taut above the knee with her left hand and scraped rapidly downwards away from her with the right. A sudden relaxation of the leg, and a quick jerk, found her scraping in a new place. To the onlooker her body seemed strained and her attitude very uncomfortable, but long practice greatly reduced the fatigue, though the labour really was hard. Indeed I have seen the perspiration rolling down a woman's face as she scraped a skin outdoors when the temperature was below zero Fahrenheit.

The Copper Eskimo woman often ate the scrapings that came away during this operation, although they contained very little fat. To soften the skin still further she rubbed tepid water over its under surface, folded it up, and laid it on one side for a few hours. Then she scraped it again, this time with an instrument made from the shoulder blade of a musk-ox, which merely stretched and softened the skin without removing anything from its surface (*See* p. 83).

The stretching and softening of the skin was usually the last process it underwent before it was made up into clothing. If, however, the woman desired the skin without fur, as for making the upper legs of her long boots, she scraped the hair from the dry skin with her curved knife. Copper Eskimo clothing was often decorated with red, black, or white bands; the white was the natural colour of the skin; the red was produced by rubbing with litharge; and the black parts were either untanned sealskin, or else seal or caribou skin stained with galena. Ordinary dirt stains on white deerskin could be removed with dry snow.

Caribou leg skins were made into dog harnesses, snow mittens, and winter boots. The ears were used to trim the fronts of trousers at the waist line, or the backs and hoods of coats. The light skins of unborn fawns, or of fawns only a few days old, made serviceable clothes for tiny children, as well as summer caps to protect the head from mosquitoes, though for this last purpose marmot skin was often used instead. There were certain fashions in clothing. The heavy winter outer coat (*qubiaq*) was normally made from autumn skins, an adult's coat from the skins of the larger caribou, and a child's coat from yearlings and fawns. The two everyday coats, the *ilupaq* or inner coat and the *kapitaq* or outer coat, were of very short-haired summer skins; so, also, were the trousers, though for winter sealing it was advisable to have the outer pair of the thicker autumn skin. The same principle applied to the rest of the clothing and to the bedding; wherever warmth was especially requisite, autumn skins were necessary; otherwise the Eskimo preferred the light summer skins.

The spring skins of caribou were thrown away except in emergencies, because they were full of holes from the escaping larvæ of the warble-fly, and the hair was shedding to make way for the summer coat.

Other Skins. Polar-bear skins provided very useful "sleds" in spring, when the frozen mud runners of the ordinary sled melted and dropped off. There seems to be an oil in the hair of the polar-bear skin that renders it impervious to water; hence Copper Eskimo travellers commonly used a mitten or pad of bear skin to ice their sled runners. For the same reason sealers preferred a foot-pad of bear skin to one of caribou skin, which sheds its hair with dampness. The natives of Prince Albert Sound and Minto Inlet sometimes used bear skin for clothing, more especially for trousers, because caribou were less plentiful in their districts than farther south. The animal was skinned in the same way as a caribou.

So few brown bears were killed that there was no established use for their skins. Musk-ox skins, on the other hand, were much sought after for bedding, being laid under the caribou skins on top of willow matting. The northern natives sometimes made heavy coats from them.

Hares, foxes, ermines, and marmots were all skinned in the same way. A cut was made up the back of each hind leg and across to the tail, and the skin pulled off forwards. The forelegs were drawn out and severed at the ankles, and the ears were pulled out with the teeth. The tail of the fox, owing to its exceptional length, was often slit half-way down. Hare skins were used only for towels or socks, but fox skins up to at least a generation ago were sometimes made into coats. One of the dance songs popular in 1915 among the Dolphin and Union Strait Eskimo commemorated its use in this way.

The ermine was prized very highly as an ornamental appendage to the coat; consequently, the sight of one of these animals always occasioned the greatest uproar and excitement in a camp.

Of more value to the Copper Eskimo than all the other small animals was the marmot; from its skin they made coats, trousers, caps, trimmings for the tops of snow mittens and boots, and linings for the soles of caribou skin socks. From the same skin, also, they made tool bags and pouches for holding the fire apparatus. As a rule, however, marmot skin coats and trousers were confined to children, because their use by men suggested a lack of skill in caribou hunting. The natives of Victoria Island obtained their marmot skins by barter, as the animal does not extend beyond the mainland.

The Copper Eskimo killed very few wolves or wolverines until they obtained rifles and traps. We saw one man wearing a heavy coat of white wolf skins, and wolverine skins were probably put to similar use; at all events the natives readily made a sleeping bag from wolverine skins for a member of our expedition. They skinned birds in exactly the same way as small animals, except that

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gave these bones a dazzling whiteness, for which reason, in 1915, a young girl strung about a dozen unfinished needle-cases to a stick and left them to bleach throughout the whole summer. The final smoothness and polish came from handling.

Figure 94. Needle-cases and attachments. IV.D.454. 1933. 1/2.

Figure 95. Needle-case and attachments. IV.D.1622. 1/2.

Quite a number of needle-cases, however, were made, not from the leg bone of the caribou, but from the wing bone of a swan, goose, or other aquatic bird (Figure 96). They were much smaller and more rounded than the ordinary needle-case, which was usually flat on one side. These smaller needle-cases of wing bone were used mainly by hunters to repair their footgear or rents in their clothing at times when the women were absent. They were then attached to the bow-case, and often contained merely a needle of the usual type and a little sinew; instead of a thimble the hunter used his teeth, and his skinning knife took the place of the proper knife for cutting skins, the *qimalik*.

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Most needle-cases were ornamented with incised lines very similar to the tattooed lines on women. This ornamentation will be discussed in a later section.

[531]

412 321 young girl. The specimens attached to the needle-case in Figure 93 are considerably shorter than the average. The commonest type was perhaps that shown in Figure 95, where it is also attached to its needle-case.

412 321 281 *Threading Needles.* Small bone needles were employed for threading a cord through holes in skin, especially for fastening together the front of a tent above the door. In form some of these needles were practically identical with many pins used for closing the blood bag, though the latter were usually longer and terminated in a greater variety of forms. Two threading needles are shown in Figure 103.

412 177 [439] *Scissors.* Probably as early as the middle of the nineteenth century the idea of using scissors for cutting the hair of the head came to the Copper Eskimo from Hudson Bay natives, who acquired European scissors in trade with the Hudson's Bay Company and with whalers. Copper Eskimo specimens of fairly recent date had tin blades mounted with copper rivets on bone or antler. The best example I have seen is illustrated in Figure 104.

412 [321]

Figure 103. Bone awl. IV.D.1778. 1/1.

[281] *Awls.* To punch holes in skin the Copper Eskimo used any pointed tool that was handy, e.g., the corner of the woman's knife, an arrowhead, a sealing skewer, or, occasionally, a mere splinter of bone. Specially made awls were extremely rare, but a bone one from Cambridge Bay is illustrated in Figure 105.

MEN'S TOOLS

415 412 [224] Attached to the hunter's bow-case was a special tool bag to hold spare parts for the bow and arrows, meat skewers, and other implements connected with the chase. This bag naturally became the repository at times of other tools, such as the adze, that were not directly connected with hunting. However, most men

Figure 106. Man's tool bag of caribou fur. IV.D.738. 1/2.

owned a second small tool bag of caribou or other fur (Figure 106), and two or three had wooden boxes put together with iron or copper nails. Tools like the snow sounder and the ice chisel that were too long for any of these receptacles were generally stuck into the ground outside the tent, or into the wall of the snow-hut.

hardly distinguishable from the antler knife used by the women for chopping snow; but a curving prong in which the point formed nearly an acute angle with the handle made a more efficient tool (Figure 122). 412 321

Figure 122. Curved pick of antler. IV.D.1634. 1/4.

Mattocks were seldom required except for two purposes, to secure, in the autumn, mud for plastering the runners of the sleds, and to make shallow pits where the hunter could await unseen the approaching caribou. Some families had no mattocks, but no hunter's equipment was quite complete unless he carried a short straight one in his bow-case. In fact, the usual name for a mattock was *tallulit*, i.e., a tool for making a *tallu* or hunting pit. 412 224 [493]

Snow Sounder. The main purpose of the snow sounder was to test the depth and compactness of snow with a view to the construction of a snow-hut. Hunters used it occasionally to probe the breathing holes of seals. 412 [342]

The implement was a straight, slender rod of antler[1] roughly 3 feet long, usually shod at the bottom with a peg of bone or musk-ox horn. The handle, of bone or musk-ox horn also, nearly always took the form of a round button drilled to fit the top of the rod (Figure 123). Figure 124, however, shows a specimen with a more elaborate handle. [321]

FISHING EQUIPMENT

Copper Eskimo methods of fishing have been described in Reports of the Canadian Arctic Expedition, 1913-18, vol. XII, pages 152-157. 226 113

Rods, Hooks, and Lines. There were two types of fishing rods. The first was a short stick from a foot to 18 inches long, curved at one end to form a handle, and notched at both ends to wind up the line. The Eskimo often had some difficulty in securing suitable wood for this kind of rod, wood that would bend without cracking. Hence, they frequently spliced two pieces of wood together, or a stick of wood to a handle of antler; or they even made the rod entirely of antler. With dry wood, too, the notches were very liable to break, 227 322

[1] Parkington obtained a very unusual rod of solid copper (Anthrop. Papers, Am. Mus. Nat. Hist., vol. XIV, fig. 4, p. 89 (New York, 1913). [113]

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411 for the snow knife, which served also as a hunting knife, sewn to either bow-
415 case or quiver. The carrying strap was attached by sewing or with toggles to
the same edge of the bow-case as the quiver, so that the two would lie together;
28 in fact, the ends of the strap often served to unite them.

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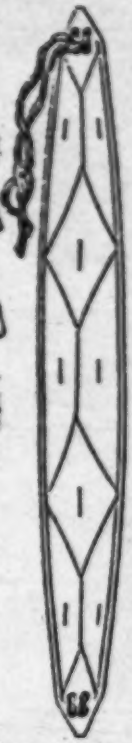

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Bow-case, quiver, and tool bag, when fully equipped, carried on their surfaces nearly a dozen bone toggles and needles whose forms and uses require some explanation. Other objects might be attached for temporary convenience, but they were not standard equipment.

When the carrying strap, which passed across the chest and around the upper arms like the regular pack-strap, was not sewn directly to the bow-case, it buttoned to two toggles of the standardized shape, illustrated in Figure 160a. There was also a long, flat handle, *nerumiarvik*, lashed to the straight edge of the bow-case so that it could be carried in the hand. This handle varied in size according to the size and weight of the bow and quiver, its average length being about 8 inches; the shape never varied, however, except that the ends were sometimes pointed instead of rounded. The flat surface lent itself to ornamentation, and most bow-case handles were decorated with a more or less fixed design[1] (Figure 158).

A toggle similar to those for the carrying strap was occasionally sewn on the side of the bow-case for the attachment of a short board. I failed to procure any specimen of this board, but Figure 159 reproduces field sketches of two that I saw in actual use. Each was about 16 inches long, but one was made from one solid piece of wood, the other from two smaller boards lashed together. The toggle on the bow-case passed through the slot in the middle. In the hunting field the Eskimo planted two walking-sticks in the ground, fastened these boards to their ends, and stationed two children to twirl them, or to beat them with a stick, so that the frightened caribou would not break away from the line of the drive and escape the concealed hunters.[2] The board had two names, *kiryalun* and *aulaqotit*, "driving instrument".

[192] → Figure 158. Bone handle of bow-case. IV. D. 190. 1/2.

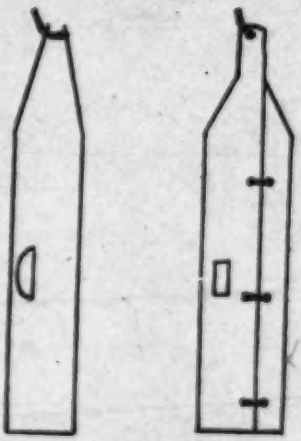

Figure 159. Field sketch of two boards used for frightening caribou. Approx. 1/8.

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The quiver was sometimes sewn to the bow-case, sometimes attached by means of small toggles of varying shapes, one type being shown in Figure 160b. A similar toggle on the face of the bow-case buttoned over the handle of the snow knife to keep it from slipping out of its sheath.

[192] Somewhere on the outside of either quiver or bow-case were two small bone "wings", from 2 inches to 3 inches long, of standardized shape, for pinning through the wings of

[113]

[1] The specimen figured in Stefansson, Anthropological Papers, Amer. Mus. Nat. Hist., vol. XIV, pt. 1, p. 10, called a "pull for Cord used in Kailing Seals", is a bow-case handle.

[2] See Report of the Canadian Arctic Expedition, vol. XII, pt. A, fig. 40, p. 131.

small birds, principally ptarmigan; hence these toggles were called *aqargiqiutit:* "ptarmigan appliances" (Figure 161).

A bone or musk-ox horn handle (*nerumiutaq*), fitted with a short strap of plaited sinew (Figure 162), was sometimes kept in the tool bag, but more often looped through some hole on the outside of the quiver or bow-case, or attached in some other way. Usually about 10 cm. long, of standardized shape, it was often grooved to fit the fingers in the same way as the blubber pounder and the whittling knife. This handle served on occasion to carry any small bundle, but was principally used for carrying the head of the caribou, or the bag containing its blood. From the latter use it acquired a second name, *auqtun* or "blood carrier".

Figure 160. Toggles worn to bow-case. a for attaching the carrying strap, b for attaching the quiver. IV.D.1663, 91. 1/1.

The tool bag was often closed by lacing, for which purpose one end of a short cord of sinew was attached to the edge of the bag, and the other end to a small bone needle with which it could be threaded through the holes. When completely furnished, it contained the following articles.

Two marline-spikes for the bow lashings; two twisters for the bow lashings; one or more spare wedges to go under the lashings; feathers for the arrows, kept usually in a small bag of marmot or other skin; a small board for trimming the feathers; a grooving tool for attaching the feathers; a little caribou back sinew for lashing the feathers, splicing the arrows, sewing rents in clothing, etc.; spare parts of arrows for repairs; bone skewers for the carcasses of game; bone pins for the bag that contained the caribou blood; a wrist guard; a drinking tube; a needle-case and needle; a mattock for making a hunting pit (if too large for the tool bag this was carried in the quiver or even in the bow-case); an arrow straightener.

Very few tool bags, however, contained all these articles. The natives nearly always hunted together, and the deficiencies of one bag could be supplied from another. On the other hand, the tool bag often contained other articles, such as the whittling knife and the graver for cutting bone, which were more usually stored in a special tool bag at home, with the adze and the bow-drill. The bow adjuster, being large and cumbersome, was also left in camp.

Marline-spikes. Marline-spikes (Figure 163), which averaged from 6 inches to 10 inches long, were made of caribou or musk-ox bone. Some closely resembled marrow spatulæ and, at times, were actually used for extracting marrow, but their larger size, heavier construction, and the small hole below the handle instead of at the extreme end distinguished them from the ordinary spatulæ. This hole enabled them to be lashed in pairs, because two were required to unfasten and tighten the back lashings of the bow. One cord often fastened together the two marline-spikes and the two twisters, which also went in pairs. The handles of marline-spikes were frequently grooved for the fingers on one edge, and sometimes on both. Ornamentation, however, was rare, and when it did occur, consisted merely of a few incised lines or the ring-and-dot pattern.

Figure 161. Bone toggle attached to either bow-case or quiver for pinning through ptarmigan wings. IV.D.1629. 1/1.

Twisters. The twisters (Figure 164) were much shorter than the marline-spikes to which they were usually attached, although they were made of the same material, and also used in pairs. All had the same unvarying shape, a flattened

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 131]

412 414 321 about 6 inches long that tapered to rather blunt points, and had rounded or conical knobs at their heads so that they could be fastened together in pairs, either tied with sinew or, more often, pushed through holes in a small strip of sealskin. If knobs were lacking, small holes were drilled for tying them together (Figure 167).

412 414 32 224 [415] *Bone Pins* (for the blood bag). The hunter generally collected the blood of the caribou in the reticulum of the stomach, which is shaped like a pouch. To close this pouch he carried in his tool bag two or three thin round pins of bone, rarely of wood, that ranged in length from 2½ inches to nearly a foot. The points were usually rather sharp so that they would penetrate the reticulum without tearing a large hole; and the heads were shaped in various ways, so that many blood pins were indistinguishable from the needles used to lace together the front of a tent (Figure 168). Some were quite plain, others had small knobs or were bevelled off like a marrow spatula; but a favourite form had two or even three projecting points, which were useful for keeping the mouth of the bag open when pouring the blood into it. Many hunters fastened their pins in pairs, like the meat skewers, the twisters, and the marline-spikes. A man who had no pins, tied inside the mouth of the blood bag a wooden plug such as is shown in Figure 169.

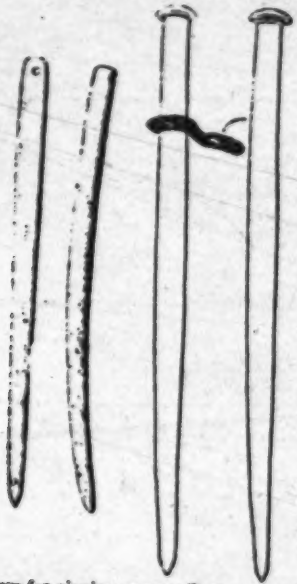

Figure 167. Bone skewers for pinning up a caribou carcass. IV.D.490, 1338. 1/2.

411 [531] [191] *Wrist Guard.* Archer's wrist guards (Figure 170) seemed to be universally of bone, and never to vary from an oval outline. The fine carving and engraving that appears on wrist guards east and west of this area was unknown to the Copper Eskimo, where one specimen was typical of all.

415 239 *Drinking Tube.* The drinking tube, though normally carried by the hunter only, was used by his entire family when travelling overland in summer with all its possessions. It was simply the hollow leg bone of some bird, usually a swan, not ornamented or marked by any special features. Many were indistinguishable from the needle-cases often found in the same tool bag (Figure 171).

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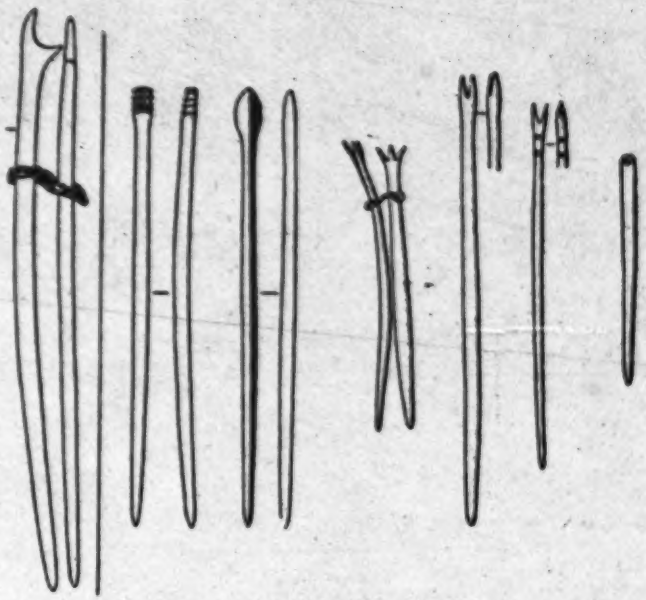

Figure 168. Bone pins for fastening the blood bag. IV.D.1845, 830, 721, 722, 1343, 1817, 690. 1/2.

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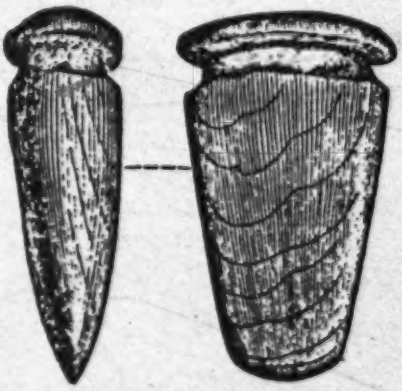

Figure 169. Wooden plug for closing the blood bag in the absence of a skewer. IV.D.1851. 3/4.

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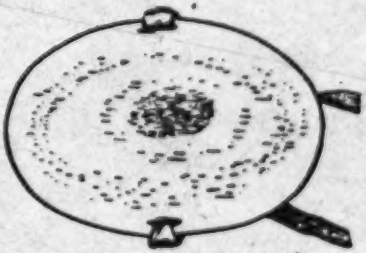

Figure 170. Archer's bone wrist guard, IV.D.598. 1/1.

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Figure 171. Bone drinking tube. IV.D.926. 1/1.

two sharp edges, one of which was slightly higher than the other. One specimen had two slots, the lower more worn than the upper; probably the upper slot had proved unsatisfactory and the wood was large enough to permit a second. I have seen the Eskimo use this tool to adjust the horns of the bow, but it may conceivably have served also to regulate the curvature of the centre piece.

Figure 174. Bow adjuster, of wood. IV.D.94. Approx. 1/2.

Lances

Lances, which were used only for spearing caribou from the kayak, closely resembled one type of arrow. The long tang of the triangular copper blade was driven into a head of bone, or more usually antler, which was split at the base to form a socket for the end of the wooden shaft, and secured by copper rivets. A specimen is shown in Figure 175.

Figure 175. Lance head with copper blade. IV.D.1635. 1/4.

Besides the regular caribou lance, the natives often improvised crude lances for spearing marmots in their holes, and threw them away when the occasion passed. Figure 176 illustrates the head of one of these marmot lances made of antler; in use it was lashed to a walking-stick. The natives called it indifferently a "hook" (*nigsik*), or a "lance" (*kapu.n*).

Figure 176. Crude bone point for spearing marmots. IV.D.578. 1/1.

The Copper Eskimo encountered bears so seldom that they did not develop any special weapon against them. Because they dreaded to meet the barren-ground grizzly at close quarters, they shot it with their bows and arrows; but against the polar bear they improvised lances by lashing their two-edged snow knives to long poles.

Sling and Bolas

Though children occasionally flung stones at birds with their tump-lines, the Copper Eskimo, strictly speaking, used neither the sling nor the bolas. They claimed, however, that both weapons were current among the inland Eskimo far to the southeast.

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Packs. Dog packs were flat sheets of sealskin, oval in outline, and perforated with holes along the two longer sides for cross lacings. Each end was filled like a bag, and the middle section left empty so that it would lie flat on the dog's back. The trace of the harness was drawn down over one side bag, under the animal's belly, and up over the other side bag; it was then pulled taut, and fastened to the end of the harness. At the end of summer dog packs were often cut up for boot soles, or used on the floors of the snow-huts.

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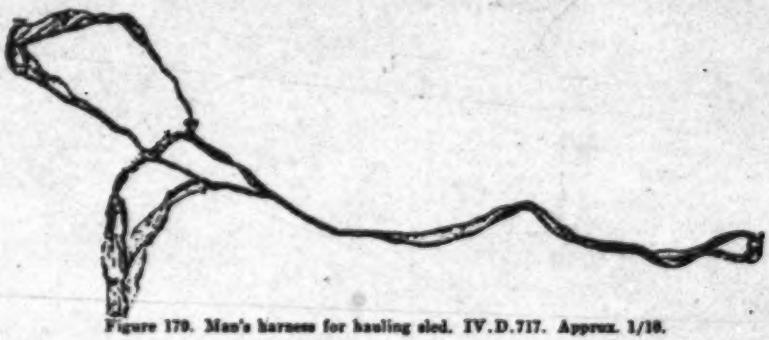

Figure 179. Man's harness for hauling sled. IV.D.717. Approx. 1/10.

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The average dog could carry only from 30 to 40 pounds, so that the Eskimo had to transport most of his belongings on his own back, inside his caribou-hide bedskin, by means of a shoulder strap and tump-line. The skin was laid flat on the ground and the articles piled in line on top of it, weight and bulk being distributed as evenly as possible between the two ends. The bundle was then rolled up and lashed with a long sealskin thong in two, or, in a large bundle, three places, the two ends and the middle. What remained of the thong became the shoulder strap; it passed from a loop held by a half hitch at one end of the bundle to a similar loop at the other. The tump-line, which was a band of sealskin or caribou skin with a thong tied to each end, fastened to the thong lashing of the bundle at any convenient points, but usually just behind the end loops.[1]

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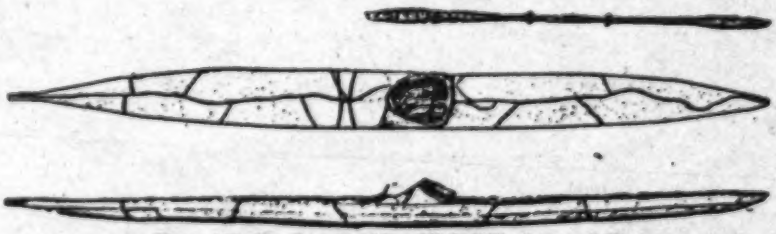

Figure 180. Kayak and paddle. IV.D.1037. Approx. 1/24.

Kayaks. The Copper Eskimo had never seen a umiak, and they used their kayaks (Figure 180) not for hunting seals, but only for ferrying across bays and rivers and for spearing caribou that had been driven into the water. Though a hunter generally made or bought a kayak at some time or other in his career,

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[1] For illustrations see Reports of the Canadian Arctic Expedition, vol. XII, pt. A., Pl. V, p. 220.

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

nounced his name. Their expressions changed instantly, 114
for Anderson had visited the Coppermine River three 123
years before and his name had spread far and wide. "Andeseena," they cried. "It is Andeseena. We are glad, we are glad." Invited by gestures to accompany him down to the harbour, they followed with alacrity, and gathered on the beach beside our anchorage. We feasted them to their hearts' content, and gave them a few presents which, trifling enough to us, appeared in their eyes riches beyond measure. They left us the following day to return to the interior, and we saw them no more until the winter.

Another band heard of our friendliness and descended to the station in September. They halted when they saw Palaiyak and myself on the beach, and, standing in line on the ridge above, raised and lowered their hands to show that they held no weapons. We had been hunting seals, and carried rifles, which seemed to increase their nervousness; so we laid them on the ground and answered the peace-signal, repeating it two or three times as they anxiously awaited our approach. Dried fish and hard bread dissipated their fears, and some petty gifts unlocked both their tongues and their curiosity. They introduced their wives and [224] •
children to us the next morning, and departed inland before noon to resume their caribou-hunting.

The timidity of these Eskimos came not from ordi- 829
nary cowardice, but from a superstitious dread of the

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
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mysterious powers which they believed all white men possessed. The leader of the second band, whose right hand was tightly bandaged and whose thumb lay inside a small bag suspended from his neck, sufficiently attested their physical courage. Three weeks before he had stalked and wounded a grizzly, and when the infuriated animal attacked him he had thrown away his bow and killed it with his hunting-knife. His thumb was the price of the encounter, and he kept it as a souvenir. But a bear was a familiar adversary, a white man a being unknown; and this old hunter, who did not shrink from the grizzly, trembled with fear the first time I touched his arm.

Except for one other brief visit from the second band we saw no more of the Eskimos until the winter. Only Chipman, travelling far inland in search of caribou, encountered one of our early acquaintances packing dried fish from a cache. The Eskimo offered him a salmon rather heavily encrusted with mould, and Chipman returned the compliment by dividing up his sandwiches. Side by side they sat down on the edge of a lake to eat their lunch, though neither could understand a word of the other's language. *"Kovearnarksilekpakpogle,"* said the hunter to open up the conversation; and Chipman, not to be outdone, patted him on the back and responded, "Good for you, old fellow, good for you." Both broke into peals of laughter and repeated the performance. They separated at

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primus lamp. But the lamp refused to burn, and even the lantern began to go out. Then I realized that I had made the hut too air-tight, that the oxygen was exhausted, and that we would quickly smother unless we broke down the door and let in some fresh air.

Skirting the coast-line, we came upon fresh tracks leading away from a primitive fox-trap built of snow-blocks. Presently we sighted four men coming from different directions, who ran toward a common focus behind a ridge as soon as they noticed our sled. My companion raced ahead, flinging up his arms in the peace-signal as he, too, disappeared from my view. I followed more slowly with the dog-team, and, breasting the ridge, discovered the four strangers lined up as though on parade, the tallest man on the right. He announced his name, I told him mine, and, stepping down the line, introduced myself to the next man with as much formality as at a president's levee. But the last youth had three names, all very long; and he pronounced the three in one breath. My ears could not register so many ponderous syllables, and I said with a smile, "Phew, *takirut* (What long names)." The strangers gasped at this amazing breach of etiquette, but immediately saw the humour of the situation and laughed uproariously.

We approached their village in triumph, two of the men escorting me in front, two racing behind with my companion. Their twelve snow-huts lay at the bottom

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path almost within reach of a shotgun. We had all 136
the meat that we could carry, and did not wish to alarm them needlessly; so I cowed my excited dogs into quiescence, and stationed Palaiyak at the handle-bars of the sled to check a run-away. Neither of us thought of Johansen, who plodded wearily behind on his snow-shoes, noticing nothing. But when his team sighted the herd it dashed away so suddenly that the astonished driver had no time even to throw himself on top of the toboggan. The caribou fled; the dogs pursued them, Johansen pursued the dogs, and I watched the stampede through the binoculars. The herd disappeared at last over a distant ridge, and the dogs, losing all zest for a chase where the quarry was no longer in sight, stretched out their panting bodies on the snow and awaited the wrathful Johansen. He wheeled them round and led them back to the trail, their heads drooping penitently, and their tails trailing between their legs. No one ventured a word as the doleful procession drew near; we silently banished the incident into the storehouse of memory and resumed our interrupted march.

It seemed strange to us then that the Coppermine 224 •
Eskimos did not hunt these caribou during the winter 225
months, instead of watching for hours over the breathing-holes of seals, exposed to every gale that swept the level ice-fields. When we questioned some of them a few days later, they explained that the intense cold

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inland would snap the lashings of their bows. This was not true, for other Eskimos who possessed no weapons except bows and arrows before the introduction of rifles hunted in the interior all through the winter. But these inland Eskimos used caribou fat in their stone lamps, and caribou fat is a miserable substitute for seal-blubber, which gives a far purer and hotter flame. There lay the real explanation. The Coppermine Eskimos could have hunted the caribou if they wished, but they preferred the sea-ice and its more comfortable homes lit up by the burning blubber.

The temperature was only —30° F., 20° higher than inland, when we reached the mouth of the Coppermine; yet the cold seemed more biting, for the air was damp, the atmosphere foggy, and a slight north-east wind blew directly in our faces. We struck out northward over the ice, and on the second day sighted three Eskimos standing over their seal-holes. They viewed with alarm the strange sled and toboggan, so different from any of their own; but our peace-signal banished their fears, and they joyfully guided us to their village a few miles farther on. The whole population turned out to welcome us and to assist in setting up our tent, which they seemed to understand almost as well as ourselves. They understood, also, our stove for burning wood, for they informed us that there was no driftwood within five miles of their settlement and offered to lend us two stone lamps and a little blubber.

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few more miles. Even the little children had work to do, for this harvest season would last only until May, when the breaking up of the sea-ice would drive the natives from their sealing to fish and hunt caribou on the land.

It was time now to decide what my own movements should be during the summer months, and I suggested to Ikpuck that I might join his train to Victoria Island, taking my own outfit. The old man was delighted with the plan, and, having no children of his own, formally adopted me into his family, which consisted of himself and his wife Icehouse, Sculpin or Jennie, Icehouse's daughter by a former marriage, and an adopted nephew named Knife-Blade. The Runner, a married son of Icehouse, intended to join the party; probably also two or three families of near kinsmen. The entire band would assemble on the ice within the next three or four weeks, when Ikpuck would send word to me at the station. In the meantime I could travel east with Cox, who needed a companion and a dog-team for surveying a portion of the coast-line.

The short trip with Cox was a pleasant change from constant association with the Eskimos; it was like moving from one world into another. Yet we could not avoid the natives entirely. Two families were hunting large bearded seals in a bay a few miles east of our station, and a small band had camped near Cape

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Krusenstern to intercept the herds of caribou that were now migrating northward from their winter home on the Barren Lands. Both these camps we passed without stopping, glad that the few logs of driftwood along the coast made it necessary to seek their blubber-lamps for drying our boots and mittens. The wood petered out just beyond Cape Krusenstern, and we did lodge one night in a native's tent; but when Cox tried to take observations outside for latitude and longitude, his sextant and artificial horizon attracted so many curious observers that he seldom caught a glimpse of the sun. The long-suffering topographer finally became so ruffled that we hastily left the settlement and camped seven miles away beside a large log of cottonwood that provided enough fuel for three days.

Hardly had we pitched our tent when a sled appeared coming up from the south. The travellers were Anderson and Castel, returning from their unsuccessful attempt to reach Fort Norman. With infinite labour they had struggled through deep snow from the valley of the Coppermine to Dease River. There Anderson had expected to find white men, or at least Indians working for them, who would carry the mail to Fort Norman before the ice broke up; but the country was deserted. The winter was then so advanced that if he pushed on to Fort Norman he could not return to Bernard Harbour in time to organize our scientific work for the spring and summer. He

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271 of three hours. At times I myself almost rivalled his feat without either quenching my thirst or feeling that it was in any way abnormal.

221 Early in May we camped four miles from the south
361 coast of Victoria Island, where the hunters could con-
225 tinue sealing, if they wished, or intercept the caribou as
• 224 they grazed on the beach before proceeding inland. Sealing was the more profitable occupation, since the caribou were lean from long travelling and their meat
[237] satisfied the hunger of neither men nor dogs. Even their hides were useless, for the larvæ of warble-flies had profusely perforated them, and the long white fur of winter was beginning to shed and give place to
[261] a shorter coat of brown. But my companions, who had lived on seal meat alone for four months, craved variety, and the sight of caribou increased the desire.
[177] We divided our party; those who had only bows and arrows continued to watch over the seal-holes, and the three who possessed rifles hunted caribou, Ikpuck with a .44 Winchester, The Runner with a .22 Remington, and myself with a Ross Sporting .280.

224 Our first caribou hunt gave me some useful training for the days to follow. A man who had risen earlier than the rest sighted five caribou passing our camp a mile to the eastward, and awakened Ikpuck and me. We dressed hastily, and, without waiting for breakfast, raced at top speed for the shore to cut them off as soon as they landed. Breathless with the exertion,

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and perspiring in every pore, we took cover behind a low ridge eight hundred yards from the beach and waited for the herd to draw near. But the caribou loitered. Four weary hours we lay on the cold snow before they came within range, and then, through bad marksmanship, succeeded in shooting only one. 224 •

The Eskimos had many superstitions about the animals and birds; they taught me, for example, to throw away part of the liver of each caribou I killed, to propitiate its wandering spirit. Since the northward migration of the herds each spring, and their migration south again in the autumn, closely followed similar movements of the ptarmigan, the natives transferred to the bird some of the mysterious powers attributed to the caribou. So when Ikpuck shot a ptarmigan on his way back to camp he solemnly knelt in the snow and crooned a chant over its lifeless body. The chant was really a prayer, intended, like the throwing away of the caribou liver, to appease the spirits of the animals and ensure the success of our hunting. [123]

Our little party, as now constituted, held more or less closely together during the next six months. My own immediate family, Ikpuck, Icehouse, and the two children, Jennie and Knife-Blade, have been introduced already; also The Runner, Icehouse's son, and his wife Leaf, who will figure largely in the coming pages. Icehouse's brother, The Listener, was a quiet old man who devoted much of his time to the care of his feeble 621

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a European to the unvaried meat and fish of my companions.

Ikpuck and I deserted the main train on the march inland and wandered away in search of caribou. Small herds of three or four, mostly young bulls, showed up on every hand, but to approach them unseen was amazingly difficult. We circled for two hours around a herd that was grazing on the side of a low ridge, and just as we came within rifle range it suddenly moved its position, caught sight of us, and fled. We climbed the ridge cautiously, and saw three more caribou moving up the valley on the other side. I wished to fire at them when they came within three hundred yards, but Ikpuck, who thought they would approach still nearer, beckoned me to wait; instead of approaching they moved away, and disappeared from our view. A small hill lay ahead of us, which Ikpuck approached from one side, I from the other. As we drew near he discovered three caribou travelling in my direction, and, taking off his jacket, signalled to me to lie down; but I misread the signal, and in my haste to join him alarmed this herd also. Down in a valley a few miles farther on two caribou seemed to be moving toward a distant ridge. We gained its crest before them, built a low shelter of snow-blocks, and waited for them to draw near. One hour passed slowly by, then a second, and still they kept out of

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• 224 range. Chilled with the cold, we left our hiding-place and approached them from another direction. Ikpuck crawled near enough to shoot one of them in the leg; but his bullet inflicted only a flesh-wound, and the caribou with its mate galloped quickly out of sight.

Thus all day misfortune dogged our footsteps. We travelled perhaps thirty miles after our light breakfast at 7 A.M., and by nine o'clock in the evening I was [487] almost exhausted. Then, as we wearily climbed the crest of a ridge, we came upon three fresh snow-blocks that our companions had placed in line to direct us to their new camp. Ikpuck passed them by with a brief glance; he refused to turn back empty-handed when caribou surrounded us on every side, and wished to continue the chase indefinitely, even though we slept on the uncovered snow. But I was less jealous of my reputation as a hunter, and with some difficulty persuaded him to accompany me to camp.

226 [361] Our companions had pitched their tents beside the first lake within the Colville Hills, a lake that abounded in two kinds of fish, lake trout and lake salmon, although it was only half a mile in diameter. Men, women, and children, scattered over its surface, were industriously chiselling holes through the thick ice or jigging their lines in the water below. The caribou meat in their camp had lost its attraction; they wanted to dine on fresh fish, which no one had tasted for six [252] months. In less than two hours they hauled seven

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fine trout out of the lake, and but a short time afterward the children were scurrying from tent to tent with steaming messes of boiled fish.

I lay back among the caribou skins after supper, using my sleeping-bag for a cushion, and listened to Ikpuck's account of our day's adventures. A careless movement of my foot upset a tea-cup, emptying its contents onto one of our best robes. Icehouse sprang up indignantly. "You miserable wretch!" she exclaimed. "Do you think you are lying on sealskins? See what you have done. You have ruined our best robe." I cast an apologetic look at Ikpuck, who sat in the opposite corner. A faint smile flickered over his face, and his left eye gave a perceptible wink. Poor Ikpuck. Icehouse intercepted the wink, and, transferring her wrath, heatedly upbraided him for his indifference, while the old man silently hung his head. But her anger gave way to laughter as she helped me to scoop up the tea, and the incident became only a standing joke within our family circle.

We remained at the lake for several days, dividing our time between hunting and fishing. I was not familiar with their method of fishing and had better luck with the caribou. The Eskimos could stalk more skilfully, but my Ross rifle with its powerful copper-nosed bullets was more effective than Ikpuck's .44 Winchester, The Runner's .22, and the bows and arrows that made up the rest of our armament. So

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224 411 123 they were always well pleased when I joined the hunting excursions.

221 224 226 237 123 Yet my "parents" were not satisfied. They wished me to become expert in fishing also. The caribou migration was almost ended; soon the herds would scatter far and wide, and fish alone be our mainstay until midsummer. Icehouse made a bag of sealskin to hold all the trout and salmon I would surely catch, and Ikpuck overhauled my fishing-line, fitting it with a barbless hook and bone sinker like his own. Then he wound it over a short stick notched at both ends, gathered up his own equipment, and invited me to my first lesson.

226 123 [325] I have a vivid recollection of that lesson. We went out on the lake before noon, and with a chisel of native copper lashed to the end of a stout pole Ikpuck proceeded to dig a hole through the six-foot covering of ice. In twenty minutes he reached the water, making a hole fifteen inches in diameter at the top, four inches at the bottom. He then lowered his line until it touched bottom, rewound it about a foot, and began a rhythmical jigging.

"Take my chisel and make another hole for yourself," he said. Nothing seemed easier. I moved about twenty paces away and dug steadily for half an hour, but always there was more ice at the bottom of the hole. Ikpuck, who already had two trout on the ice beside him, looked over and laughed. "Come and

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easily on runners of steel. The Chatterbox and his family, who came next in the line, had abandoned their sled and hitched their dogs to a polar-bear skin that carried all their possessions. Last of all came Parted-Hair's sled, in the same condition as Ikpuck's. The Listener and his wife, too old to make unnecessary journeys, remained at the lake to watch over the meat and fish we had spread out on boulders to dry in the sun.

Twelve miles from the Lake of Dancing we sighted caribou and shot a large bull. We camped beside its carcass, and the women, who had failed to bring stone lamps and blubber, trusting to cook over open fires, searched the ridge-tops for fuel. But the season was less advanced on this side of the divide and vegetation scarcer, so that they found no fuel of any kind, not even the wretched dryad. I boiled a little venison for myself on the primus lamp, but the rest dined quite cheerfully on raw meat. Their tents, too, they had left behind, but they propped up two caribou robes for shelter from the breeze and spread out their sleeping-bags under the open sky. I fell asleep to the murmur of the dance-song they were practising for the meeting with the Tormiat from the Great Sound.

Big Lake, which we reached late the next evening, appeared to be circular in outline and about ten miles in diameter. We camped near its southern end, where we found old camp-sites, although the lake itself was silent and deserted.

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Photo by J. J. O'Neill.

The caribou, or reindeer, is the camel of the Arctic.

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Photo by G. H. Wilkins.

The men amused themselves at archery.

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Our party split up each morning and drifted in different directions, each person carrying a fishing outfit, and the men their hunting weapons. Nine or ten hours later the women straggled back with their fish, bearing also, in fine weather, loads of dryads to cook the evening meal. They cut off the heads of the fish for the cooking-pots, threw the backbones and fins to the dogs, and spread the bodies on boulders, or across horizontal poles to dry in the sun. The whole party then reassembled an hour or two before midnight, and, squatting outside the tents, gnawed the fish-heads, bone by bone, and discussed the day's adventures. The hungry dogs looked on with mournful eyes; tied to stones, they dined miserably on bones and broth.

I hunted, most of this period, to obtain caribou meat for my starving dog-team, but during a fortnight's steady tramping saw but two young bulls, which we consumed entirely in three days. The stony ridges cut to pieces my light sealskin boots, intended only for soft snow, and Icehouse, who had tried to patch them each evening, finally rebelled. "Stop hunting for a time," she said. "Your boots are wrecked beyond repair, and caribou will be scarce until the warmer weather comes and the mosquitoes drive them near our camps. Stop hunting, and I will make you new boots with stouter soles for the summer months."

It was not only my boots that troubled her. She believed that an evil demon, haunting the hills to the

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westward where I generally made my excursions, trapped and destroyed the solitary hunter. In this very district, many years before, it had spirited away her first husband, who had vanished without leaving a trace. So when I, too, vanished for sixteen hours one day she became greatly alarmed, and entreated Ikpuck to lead a searching party. Willy-nilly, I had to join the fishermen and let my dogs go hungry.

The fish soon commenced to bite less freely in the surrounding lakes, and some of the men wandered farther afield. Ikpuck then shot a caribou eight miles away near the shore of Lake Ever-Frozen. Instead of packing it home, he buried it in the snow and advised moving our camp to its vicinity. Every one welcomed his suggestion and prepared back-packs for the dogs, since the melting of the snow on the ridges rendered our sleds useless until autumn came round again. We concealed in stone cairns the dried fish we had accumulated, raised the empty sleds on stone pillars, and piled on top of them all the stone lamps and other articles too heavy or too bulky to carry around with us during the summer; then, packing on our backs the remainder of the equipment, we abandoned the Lake of Dancing and marched away to our new home.

It was a picturesque sight, this train of people and dogs staggering over hill and lake under burdens almost equal in size and weight to themselves. The men carried the tents and weapons, the women the

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223 291 place. Despite Icehouse's loud remonstrances, despite the laughter of the rest of us, he raced for the pool again, the long tail alternately flapping between his naked legs and streaming in the air behind him. And again the ice gave way beneath him! Chilled to the bone, and thoroughly crestfallen, he hastened to the shore, and in a surly voice bade Icehouse unfasten the packs and set up the tent.

221 361 226 Our jigging in this corner of Lake Ever-Frozen was very productive for a week, and the new camp with its lines of drying fish among the dogs and tents soon became a replica of the one we had just abandoned. To stand on the ice hour after hour and mechanically vibrate a long line in the clear water below was a pleasantly monotonous occupation when the air was mild and the sunlight sparkled in the crystalline snow. [132] Even when fogs rolled down on us, and only the dark water-holes at our feet relieved the whiteness all around, there was a comfortable peace in the atmosphere and in the mellowed voices that penetrated from somewhere unseen. 224 The life was in fact too tranquil, too monotonous, for The Runner and his wife. They craved more activity, and spoke of hunting for caribou [123] to the northward; and when they broached their project to me I rashly promised to accompany them.

We set out on a clear, bright morning and travelled from one ridge to another, pausing on each crest to search the surrounding country. No caribou were

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visible, but two hares started up beneath our feet and fled to the extreme edge of the snow-patch. They seemed to know that their coats had not yet changed to a summer brown, for they crouched there, half invisible, until we almost walked on top of them; then, flashing white on the dull clay, they sped across to the next snow-patch and again crouched motionless. But a hunter who lives by the chase feels no pity for his victims, and both animals, despite their pathetic ruses, soon dangled over The Runner's shoulder.

The sky clouded in the afternoon, and a fierce snow-storm broke in our faces, blotting everything from view. It was useless to keep on travelling, for a caribou might pass unseen within ten yards of us; it was equally useless to turn back and wander for hours vainly seeking the camp. We looked around for shelter. There was none; no cliff, not even a boulder. The Runner and I sat on the snow, shoulder to shoulder, backs to the wind; while Leaf, his wife, crouched in the angle between our outstretched legs. After a long half-hour the storm began to pass over. When I mentioned the change to my companions Leaf raised her head and smiled. The Runner did not hear; with folded arms and head drooping on his chest he was sleeping.

We circled back toward the tents after the gale abated, and in spite of the light fog that still hung over the landscape stumbled on two young bulls, both

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[251] of which we shot. The heads and limbs we buried
[482] in the snow to collect the following day; The Runner
took one of the carcasses on his back, I took the other,
[593] and Leaf carried the two hares. After we had proceeded thus for about a mile The Runner changed burdens with his wife, who accepted without a mur-
[123] mur. I promptly changed with him, and a few minutes after with Leaf again, giving her back the hares. But packing was still a new experience to me, and though I reached the camp without mishap, I deeply rued my gallantry the next morning when a thousand pains shot through my neck every time I turned my head.

221 A fortnight's fishing exhausted the bay and com-
226 pelled us to make another move. It mattered little
361 which way we turned, for every ridge bounded a lake that contained both trout and salmon. But since the total catch would be greater if we scattered our forces and settled on different lakes the families separated. The Listener went south, The Chatterbox north, Parted-Hair north-east, and Ikpuck and The Runner east.

221 This dispersal of the individual families completed
361 one half of the strange cycle through which the Eskimos passed year after year. They reacted to the seasons, to their constantly changing environment, more than most of the inhabitants of our globe. The problem of obtaining life's basic needs, food, clothing, and shelter, left little time for other thoughts; and the seals and caribou that furnished them with food, fur-

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shades of white men; I named them for her, Jack, Bob, Mary, Jane, and soothed them with fair words until they departed. Others, that were the shades of Eskimos, she herself propitiated in like manner, and banished with her knife a few that seemed loth to depart. At last her efforts succeeded; the jacket told her that the atmosphere would clear on the morrow, and, greatly relieved, she retired to her sleeping-bag to await the result.

An east wind sprang up in the morning and the fog lifted. "Look," she cried, issuing from the tent. "Yesterday we assailed the fog and it has vanished." Ikpuck and his party appeared about noon, weary, but otherwise none the worse for their experience. Thinking it useless to search for the camp until the weather cleared they had wandered about, fishing in different lakes, and huddling together at night on patches of bare ground. Ikpuck had shot a bull caribou that strayed near them, and they had satisfied their hunger with the marrow and back fat, seasoning them with raw fish.

The Runner now decided to move to a lake farther north where they had caught many fish during their late excursion; but Ikpuck wanted to continue eastward in search of more caribou. The former departed first. We watched his family disappear over the ridge, then packed up our own equipment and marched away. So our last link with the tribe was severed, and the dispersal of the band complete.

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462 her bag with dryads and bring her water from the lake. No eye but mine saw his undignified conduct, and I was one of the family.

• 224 Leaving Icehouse here at her fishing, Ikpuck and I went east to look for caribou. The succession of ridges and lakes continued unbroken, and by dropping our lines here and there through promising cracks in the ice we captured five trout. In the evening we sighted our first caribou, two bulls grazing in a meadow of green moss beside a distant lake. There was no cover within a thousand yards, but we stalked them patiently for several hours and at last managed to crawl near enough on hands and knees to drop both animals at the first volley. Then, piling the carcasses in a heap for Icehouse and Jennie to bring in later, we started back for camp fifteen or more miles away, packing only the skins and hind-quarters. I was very weary, for we had travelled twenty-four hours and eaten nothing; and once, as we rested on the brow of a hill, I fell sound asleep. But Ikpuck gently wakened me, saying
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[484] that our limbs would grow stiff if we lingered too long; and to beguile the march he related quaint stories of the Eskimo "long ago." Most of them were about birds and animals, and resembled Æsop's fables without the morals. Although I was too weary to pay much heed to them, one story concerning a giant remained in my memory.

"You remember Putulik," he said, "the island where

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winter sealing-grounds. They needed its fur for clothing, seven whole skins making only a single costume that lasted at the most three years; so they slaughtered bulls, cows, and calves, took the hides, the sinew, the back fat, and what little meat they could carry, and abandoned the rest to the wolves and foxes. Such indiscriminate destruction might have been branded as foolish, even criminal; but when white men have unconsciously exterminated the buffalo by similar methods, how can we expect a primitive people like the Eskimos to make regulations for the preservation of their game? After all, no regulations were necessary as long as their only weapons were bows and arrows, which exacted too light a toll to cause any diminution in the herds of caribou that returned to their Arctic grazing-grounds year after year. Only if conditions changed, if the natives became armed with the deadly magazine rifles of our modern civilization, would there be any reason for limiting the number a hunter might kill, or prohibiting the slaughter of females and young.

As we wandered southward, every eye in the party was strained for the sight of caribou. We secured our first trophy where the hills merged gently into the plain, and gave our dogs the feast for which they had hungered many weeks. From here on, patches of dwarf willow and heather, the fuel we had lacked so sorely in the hills, alternated with meadows of lichens and moss, or with wide stretches of stony ground

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almost devoid of vegetation. We stumbled over a bed of dolomite split by frost into rectangular blocks, its resemblance to the floor of an ancient temple heightened by two stone pillars erected several years before to support a kayak or hunting canoe. A mile or two beyond a caribou caught our scent, whisked up its tail, and bounded out of sight behind a low ridge. We could see a fair-sized stream in the distance tumbling among the rocks; and there Ikpuck instructed us to camp while he pursued the caribou that had just disappeared. Twelve hours later, when every one was asleep, he returned, and, pushing open the door of my tent, displayed the skins of two caribou; their carcasses he had left side by side for the women to bring in, merely aligning some boulders on top of a knoll to guide them in their search. Icehouse and Jennie dressed and departed immediately with dogs and packlines. The howling of the other dogs aroused the camp, and a second party went out to look for more caribou. So, for one reason and another, we lingered in this spot nearly three days.

Instead of hunting during this interval, I made a collection of all the plants growing around us, and enjoyed two swims in a neighbouring pool. A bath is a rare luxury in the Arctic, where there is often no water to wash even the face and hands. My companions solved the problem by never washing. Contact with the snow in winter purified them, and in

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me to take from my own cache a little rice and pemmican, which, being more easily digested than boiled meat, would assist my return to health. The pemmican I carried on my back, but most of the rice I placed in the pack of my largest dog, who ruined it a few hours later by plunging headlong into a deep pool. During the two days immediately following we secured no game of any kind, so that I was driven to share the pemmican with my companions. Hungry as they were, I could hardly induce them to touch it, although they would have killed without compunction any fellow-countryman who attempted to hoard food when they were starving. I was different, they averred, and their ways were not my ways; deprived of my special food, I might be prostrated again by a return of my illness. Their children might eat a little, if I so desired, but as for themselves, they were accustomed to hunger, and would surely kill a caribou on the morrow, or, if not then, on the day following. In the end, however, they agreed to compromise, and divided up half my pemmican, leaving the other half for myself.

Our usual procedure at this time was to march from ten to fifteen miles, then to scatter out in search of game while the women pitched camp. Ikpuck, The Runner, and myself, going out together late one afternoon, discovered a large bull caribou grazing in the centre of an open plain where it would certainly detect us if we attempted to approach. In spite of this The

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Runner, after a short consultation with Ikpuck, walked 224 • boldly forward, stooping slightly, and holding over one shoulder a walking-stick, over the other his .22 automatic. Ikpuck, stooping similarly, fell in line behind him, I behind Ikpuck, and we zigzagged slowly over the plain, drawing nearer and nearer to our quarry. Once it raised its head and watched us so closely for a full minute that I expected it to bound away in alarm; but, evidently reassured by our appearance and rambling movements, it resumed its grazing and paid no further attention to us. So we were not more than three hundred yards away when, at a signal from The Runner, I sank on one knee and dropped the animal with a bullet behind the shoulder.

Why did the caribou not flee? Doubtless because it mistook us for another caribou idly approaching from a desire for companionship. The fur of our clothing was the same as its fur, and from a distance the stick and rifle above The Runner's head might fairly pass for antlers. Moreover, caribou trust more to scent than to vision, and we were careful to keep on the lee side. This bull was really less sociable, or less curious, than the majority; two or three weeks later, when Ikpuck and The Runner were stalking another bull, the former concealed himself with his rifle behind a low mound and The Runner, impersonating a caribou grazing, lured the animal within easy range without even advancing.

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ring its passage to the sea. To the north lay a broad, sandy plain, the bed of an ancient lake, and beyond, an isolated, rounded hill flanked by soft meadows that were certain to harbour caribou. We all forded the stream without mishap except Jennie, who had dropped behind when readjusting the packs of two dogs. I went back to look for her, while the others pushed on across the plain. The poor child was nearly a mile in the rear, still struggling cheerfully with the ill-balanced packs that persisted in slipping under the animals' bellies. I rearranged them for her, and we hurried on to overtake our companions; but a fierce sand-storm now swept the plain, and our progress was slow and painful, with frequent returnings to urge on the dogs. Dogs and storm combined delayed us so greatly that the hunters, tired of waiting for us at the hill, went on ahead to intercept a herd of caribou they had sighted, leaving little Knife-Blade to watch for me and request me to join them with all speed.

This hunt well illustrated the unity of an Eskimo band. Every individual, man, woman, and child, took part in it—except The Listener's wife, who, being old and feeble, remained to guard the packs; and both men and women contributed to the discussion that decided the tactics to be employed. At the foot of the hill stretched a lake three-quarters of a mile in diameter, and, beyond it, a wide, grassy plain where fifteen caribou were grazing. The plain rose in a gentle incline

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[133] toward the west, where it dropped abruptly down to another lake. The Eskimos planned to make the fullest use of these topographical features by enclosing the caribou within a long rectangle of which the lake and ridge formed two adjacent sides. On the other long side, parallel with the lake, they built low mounds of turf twenty or thirty yards apart that from a distance resembled the black heads of half-concealed men; and here and there, where the ground was low, they set up their jackets on walking-sticks, or left a child to rise to his feet and frighten the caribou back. The fourth side, from the end of this "fence" to the eastern extremity of the lake, they left open until they should take up their positions behind the ridge, when the women, at a given signal, would close the gap and drive the caribou toward them.

When Jennie and I arrived at the camp the hunters had already given the signal and the women were preparing to carry out their part of the program. I accompanied them, as it was then too late to join the firing-line. The caribou scented us half a mile away and fled down the wind to the crest of the ridge; but there the bullets and arrows of the hunters rained among them, turning them back toward us. The women shouted and waved their arms, I opened fire with my rifle, and the terror-stricken animals stampeded back again; one swam the lake and passed our camp, two dashed through the "fence" of turf and children,

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and the remainder, fleeing to the ridge, drew back before another volley. Three times we drove them back and forth in this way before the survivors broke through our lines, leaving eight of their number dead or dying on the hunting-field.

My Ross rifle failed me twice during this action. Once I had trouble in closing the breech, and once the firing-pin struck so lightly that the cartridge failed to explode. In both cases the cause was probably the same, a little sand that had blown into the leather holster when crossing the storm-swept plain. I had carefully cleaned the weapon before using it, but evidently a few particles of sand still remained in the bolt. It was this same defect in the Ross rifle that created so much bitterness in the early months of the great European war, and finally led to the re-arming of the Canadian troops with the British Lee-Enfield.

My companions, elated by the success of their hunt, feasted and idled for two days. The reasons they offered were excellent; drizzling rain made travelling unpleasant, the meat we had accumulated was more than we could carry, and the green hides needed to be scraped and dried. But the principal reason remained subconscious. For a few hours, or for two or three days, they could display phenomenal energy—even the children were inured to sleepless hunting trips of thirty-six hours' duration; but they could not plod along, day after day and week after week, at an even

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ing-bags, singing in chorus between intervals of sleep, or mocking each other's voices. Our gaiety infected even the dignified Ikpuck, who improvised a comic song about my adventure with the wolf on the Coppermine River. No hardship could quench the cheerfulness of my companions. When morning dawned, and, breakfastless, we struggled ahead in the teeth of the gale, they launched many a jest at Icehouse, who, ill-prepared for such inclement weather, had enveloped her portly figure in a sleeping-robe, and waddled along with the rolling gait of a bear.

The snow melted slowly, for the brief summer was drawing to its close. The last of the flowers lay withered, butterflies and moths had vanished, and even the mosquitoes had ceased their endless buzzing. The days were shortening rapidly; darkness covered the land for three hours around midnight, and on still evenings ice was forming on the ponds and lakes. It was time to retrace our steps to our caches, take down the sleds, and seek out warmer clothing. But, before turning back, we could make one brief dash to the northward and try our fortunes in the hills behind Cape Baring.

Two days later, in the unmelted snow on the slope of a ridge, we came upon the fresh tracks of two polar bears. Here was game worth the hunting. We dropped our packs on the ridge-top in charge of Ice-

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house and little Knife-Blade, and with three of our best dogs, tried to follow up the spoor. But the dogs could not hold to it, and, after travelling several miles from hill-top to hill-top, we turned aside to stalk a herd of caribou. The men concealed themselves behind low mounds or in hastily dug pits, and the women, going to windward of the herd, sought to drive it into the ambush; but the animals stampeded past them and fled toward the coast. The disappointed hunters followed them, while Misty, The Listener's son, and myself returned to camp to see if Icehouse had cooked our supper, for we had eaten nothing for twelve hours. Icehouse, however, had been scraping caribou skins and had neglected to gather fuel. We started a fire for her with chips from a broken walking-stick, and descended into the valley below to gather an armful of dwarf willow. Suddenly Misty shouted, and, looking up, I saw the fantastic figure of my "mother" capering and gesticulating against the sky-line. "Bears, bears!" cried Misty, recognizing the signal and dashing up the hill. We burst into the camp, exclaiming together, "Where are they? Where are they?" and Icehouse, wildly waving her arms to the north, cried, "Over there, two of them in the valley yonder." I turned my binoculars on the place and examined it carefully. She was right; two white objects were moving slowly in the distance. They could not be

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caribou, which had dark coats at this season; they must be the polar bears whose tracks we had seen a few hours before.

"I'll put on my boots and we'll go after them," cried Icehouse. But I answered, "The meat is almost cooked. Let us eat first and then go." The old lady was too excited to think of her cooking. "They are not caribou, are they? You can see that. There are two of them. I saw two." "Put some more wood on the fire," I said. "Oh, but look, they are coming this way. I'll take The Runner's bow and arrows, shall I?" And, unable to keep from laughing, I said, "Never mind the bears. They are a long way off. Let us have our supper." We started at last, Icehouse stumbling and panting behind us, with her son's bow slung over her shoulder. Rapidly but cautiously we climbed each intervening ridge and searched the low land beyond. One mile, two miles, three miles. Now we came in sight of the animals, this time from a nearer vantage-ground. "They are bears, aren't they?" "I don't know. They [134] are in the water." "Look, they are moving." "Confound it, they're swans." "No." "Yes." We approached still nearer till we could doubt no longer. Our bears were only two snow-white swans floating peacefully in the centre of a lake.

The next day, when we least expected them, the bears did appear, approaching a lake on its farther side. Wild turmoil prevailed for a few minutes as we

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raced after the dogs to draw them under cover. The 224
women and children guarded them behind a ridge while the men, hurrying down to the lake, lay in wait fifty yards back from the shore. Leaf, a true sportswoman, kept close to The Runner—she would not leave her husband where there was danger; and others held tightly in leash our four best dogs. As we waited, lying prone on the ground, Ikpuck and The Runner slipped off half their clothing to lighten themselves for a possible chase.

The bears entered the water and swam leisurely toward us, the cub, three-quarters grown, circling around its mother and snapping in play at her face. She fended off its attack by stretching up her neck; or she dived suddenly under, and the young one immediately followed her. They played like dogs, more at home in the water than on land; the distance across the lake was nearly a mile, but they could have swum ten miles with as little difficulty. Thus, suspecting no danger, they approached within easy range of my rifle before the old bear caught our scent and fled in terror to the opposite shore; yet even in her terror she did not forget the young one frantically swimming in her wake, but turned around from time to time to wait for it. One behind the other they dragged their unwieldy bodies out of the swampy border of the lake and disappeared at a lumbering gallop over the hill beyond.

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224 I watched their movements through my binoculars, so fascinated by the sight that I failed to notice my companions unleash the dogs and race round the edge of the lake in hot pursuit. They, too, had almost disappeared before I wakened from my trance. I followed at top speed, stumbling half blindly up and down the ridges, and floundering through marshy tundra and shallow streams, until at the end of a three-mile steeplechase I had overtaken all except The Runner and Ikpuck, who were lost to view somewhere ahead. What direction they had taken I could not tell, so I steered for the nearest hill-top to search the countryside. Away in the distance a bear and a dog were climbing a slope, the bear in front and the dog pressing hard on its heels. The two hunters were visible nowhere, but in a small hollow not far to the right lay another bear, exhausted perhaps or sleeping. I stalked it cautiously; finger on trigger, and with heart beating loudly, I crept within a stone's throw; and still it did not move. Then I noticed red bloodstains on its flank; it was the cub, run down and shot by Ikpuck.

The dog checked the mother bear two miles ahead, where The Runner shot it with Ikpuck's rifle. The chase had ended gloriously; every one had his own story to tell about it, and every one spoke at once. To kill a bear, next to man their most formidable adversary, was the hunter's greatest glory. Ikpuck, unaided save by his dogs, had killed one two years before with

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a hunting-knife lashed to the end of a tent-pole. That had been a terrific battle, infinitely more thrilling than our recent chase, for what chance had the two bears against a .44 Winchester? But a bear is a bear, however it is slain, and the joy of my companions was not lessened because the danger had been slight. The species remained as formidable as ever, and its representatives, even when dead, should be treated with caution and respect. So the prudent Ikpuck placed a needle-case beside the mother, and a miniature bow and arrow beside the cub, that they might not travel empty-handed to the spirit-home of their kind.

We camped beside the carcass of the larger bear for three days, enjoying the change from venison to a heavier meat. The dogs, more starved than feasted during the last six months, gorged themselves until they could hardly move. We had meat enough to last a fortnight, yet the hunters wantonly shot three caribou, bringing in only the hides, the back fat, and the sinew. When I remonstrated against such wastefulness they merely said that caribou would always be plentiful, and that they wanted more hides to trade with their neighbours. There was one way in which I could check the slaughter, by threatening to supply no ammunition during the winter to any one who wasted the meat. The threat accomplished more than I had anticipated. They not only brought in one of the carcasses, but presented me with all the marrow-

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224 bones. More embarrassing still, Icehouse insisted on
123 frying me the liver in back fat, as I had often done for myself; only instead of pounding the fat between two stones before she placed it in the pan, she made quite sure that it would melt by chewing it!

484 During our march south, Ikpuck and The Runner
313 visited the coast to search for driftwood, returning with a fine plank that had probably washed overboard from some vessel. So unusual a prize led to consider-
322 able discussion. At first they proposed to convert it
411 into two sled-runners, since it required less shaping than the rude logs they generally trimmed down for that purpose; but as both their sleds were in good condition they finally decided to make fish-spears, and Ikpuck split the plank carefully from end to end by means of small wedges of antler driven home with a heavy stone. He then split each section, obtaining four stout poles which he planed and smoothed with his hunting-knife. The care he expended on the task, and his manifest joy at its successful completion, made me realize the handicap under which these people laboured through the scarcity of wood in their country. If I may compare his fish-spears with a product of our own civilization, each pole had the value of a first-class magazine rifle.

361 All was well in our old camp at Bad Creek, where The
888 Listener's wife had stayed to dry our meat; if anxiety
888 or loneliness had troubled her during her nine days'

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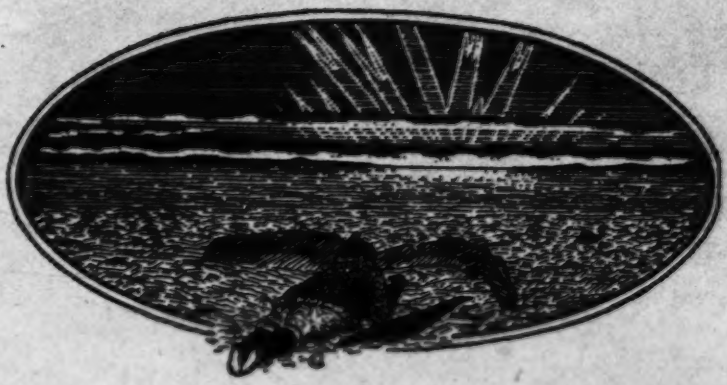

CHAPTER X

DARKENING DAYS

IKPUCK chose for our tent-site a level patch of ground beside a small lake that filled a dip in the rolling plain behind Dryad Harbour. Through a hole in the ice we drew our water, and for fuel we used the dwarf willow that grew abundantly all around, or burned the yellow fat of the polar bear in a naturally hollow stone. Low ridges blocked the view on all sides, shutting out even the sea four miles away; but the ridge to the north overlooked a long valley so rich in moss that we expected the migrating caribou to make it their highway. On the crest of this ridge, therefore, we built a low semi-circular wall of stones, chinked with snow, that would both conceal and shelter the watcher; and every morning, at dawn, some one visited the look-out post to search

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[201] the surrounding landscape. A conventional signal, the rapid raising and lowering of the arms, notified those in camp if caribou were visible.

For several days we roamed far and wide, finding no caribou, but innumerable traces of the hunters who had preceded us. Here were lines of stones and turf, dummy hunters like those we ourselves had erected during the summer; there were the saucer-shaped pits from which the archers had launched their arrows, and, near them, small stones, resting on larger ones, to mark the places where caribou had fallen. The marksmanship had been unerring, the toll of victims immense, if one could rely on the number of signs we encountered within the radius of a few miles; but they were no more convincing than the bullet-holes of the enemy in a trooper's hat. Even the scrupulous Ikpuck liked to set up the signs in suitable places, a small stone for a small caribou and a larger stone for a bull; he would fool the coming generations, he said. But he was not enthusiastic enough to build stone caches for all the hypothetical meat, so that a critical traveller would certainly notice the disproportion between the two marks and temper his judgment accordingly.

225 Disappointed at the non-appearance of the caribou, my versatile "father" sought by other means to replenish our dwindling stock of meat. He visited the harbour, where I had noticed some bearded seals playing

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the female, often returned, to be impaled on his long-handled fish-spear.

In the meantime I kept watch for the caribou which now showed signs of migrating. At first they came in small numbers every second or third day; but soon more frequently, until as many as fifteen or twenty passed daily near our camp. Ikpuck, giving up his sealing and fishing, joined me in the chase, and together we shot about forty animals, although we carried to camp only the hides and whatever meat we needed for immediate consumption. Some of the carcasses we cached under heavy stones, others we dropped into shallow ponds where the covering of ice would protect them from the foxes. Those that we buried under stones froze within a few hours, for the cold weather was an admirable refrigerator; and those that we submerged in the icy water preserved equally well, because the ponds were free of bacteria and too shallow for fish. We planned to recover these carcasses, of course, before the water froze to the bottom, or the ice became so thick that we could not extricate them without much labour. I earmarked twelve for the station at Bernard Harbour, where there would be no fresh meat apart from the caribou that might be shot during this migration; all the rest went to my family, who for two months longer had to live on fish and caribou alone.

Caribou, like salmon-trout, have their breeding sea-

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nourished Icehouse wriggled in her bag for several minutes before she tumbled, like an enormous chrysalis, head foremost onto the floor.

We occupied a real snow-hut at the Lake of Dancing, one that had been erected by our companions a week or more before. Here we dismantled our caches of dried meat and dried fish, and recovered my sled, the big spring tent, and all the other things we had deposited at this place in the early days of summer. Foxes, worming their way through sundry chinks and crevices in the stones, had destroyed all the sinew fishing-lines; fortunately we had plenty of cod-line that could take its place. More serious was the destruction of the white-bellied caribou hides from which Icehouse had intended to make some finely ornamented costumes for the winter dances; but I assuaged her grief by promising to purchase other hides for her when the tribes reassembled at the sealing-grounds. We sighted one of the marauding foxes near our camp, and lured it within range by squeaking like a young bird; but Ikpuck's bullet struck only the ground between its legs, and, though deluged with snow, it escaped without injury.

After fishing in various lakes for a few days with little success we overtook our companions at the source of a creek that flows into Dryad Harbour. They had abandoned all further hunting and fishing on the land under the pressure of colder weather and were return-

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761 deprived him of further pleasures, it also released him from manifold pains. So the Eskimos conceived no harm either to themselves or to the babe in quenching its new-born life, whenever that life seemed destined to bring only hardship and distress.

858 168 Life was sweet, nevertheless, and the natives did not desire the suicide of their race. They needed children for their own happiness, to satisfy the instinct for parenthood and to support their declining years; but they needed no more than would maintain their number at an even level. Many mouths were hard to feed; even with their number limited as at present people starved to death at intervals of a few years. To migrate elsewhere was useless, for no country between the four pillars that held up the sky abounded more [224] in fish and game than their own. The best hunter could hardly raise more than three children, unless indeed he was fortunate enough to secure a rifle and ammunition from the white men, and thereby increase his kill of caribou and seal. Perhaps, if they all possessed rifles, they could allow their families to increase. But with only harpoons for seals, and only bows and arrows for caribou, how could they possibly provide for every child that, wanted or unwanted, now came into the light of day?

797 Girling, the missionary, arrived at the station early in February. This was his first winter in the country

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857 end of each day's march insisted on performing all the duties that her mother would have undertaken in the [372] same circumstances. She gathered fuel for our camp-fire while Patsy and I put up the tent, and she superintended, as far as she knew how, the cooking of the [291] evening meal. Then she dried our marching boots [296] (for we changed to slippers each evening), and, before breakfast, patched any holes that the stones might have [224] cut in their soles the day before. She shot an eider [226] duck along the way with Patsy's rifle, and if we had needed fish would have contrived some means of catching them, where Patsy and I might have failed. Altogether, her education was remarkably adapted to the country in which she lived, even though the three R's were not included in the curriculum.

231 There now befell us an accident, of a kind that in an Arctic winter often leads to serious disaster, but in our circumstances caused only embarrassment. One of our two dogs, prowling with its pack beside a cliff, became wedged in a crevice, and in trying to extricate itself lacerated its foot on a sharp rock. I bandaged the wound with a strip of skin and lightened the animal's load, but it was so crippled that it could hardly keep pace with us. We could not abandon it, nor, if we remained with it, could we hope to reach our destination. To our great relief, however, we found two families of Eskimos camping at the mouth of a small creek, who promised to take charge

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the past, and a new mechanical age has brought magazine rifles, shotguns, steel traps, and even gasolene engines. The caribou are passing with the bows and arrows; of all the herds that once crossed the narrow strait to Victoria Island hardly one now reaches the Arctic shore. Strange diseases are making their appearance, disease that the old-time Eskimo never heard of and for which he has no name. The stern laws of civilization have descended on the land; no longer is infanticide tolerated, or the blood-feud allowed to run its course. "Furs, furs, more furs," is the white man's cry. "Without furs there is no salvation, no ammunition to shoot the scattered game and satisfy your hungry children." The tribal bands where each man toiled for all and shared his food in common are resolving into their constituent families, and every family vies with the rest in the race for wealth and worldly prosperity.

Whither will it all lead? Fifty years ago the cyclone swept over the Eskimos of the Mackenzie River delta, and of its two thousand inhabitants a scant two hundred survive. Fifty years earlier it struck Baffin Island with a similar result. Will history, fifty years hence, record the same fate for this twilight land where for two years we carried on our mission? Were we the harbingers of a brighter dawn, or only messengers of ill-omen, portending disaster?

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EPILOGUE

Within ten years of our departure from Bernard Harbour one third of them had been swept away by influenza, and of the hundred Eskimos gathered around the radio station at Coppermine no fewer than twenty-six suffered from advanced tuberculosis. 177 164

Was this inevitable? Had we been more conscious of our responsibilities could we have spared them so rude an awakening, so painful an entry into what we call a civilized world? Or does fate spin her web remorselessly, blind to human hopes and weaknesses, indifferent to human suffering? 177

The children of Jennie's generation who escaped the new diseases underwent a social and economic revolution. Even as we sailed away traders entered their country seeking fox-furs, always fox-furs; and for those pelts so useless for real clothing they offered rifles, shot-guns, steel tools and other goods that promised to make life much easier. So the Eskimos abandoned their communal seal hunts and scattered in isolated families along the coasts in order to trap white foxes during the winter months when the fur of that animal reaches its prime. Their dispersal loosened the old communal ties that had held the families together. The men no longer labored for the entire group, but hunted and trapped each one for his family alone. Their diet and costume changed: more and more it became the diet and costume of the white man. For they had to purchase their winter's supply of food from the trading stores, since trapping 177 439 [621] [262] [291] [224] [226]

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left them no time to hunt seals; and they had to buy clothing too from the same stores when the rifles that the traders supplied them exterminated the herds of caribou or drove them into districts far remote. So the new barter economy—furs in exchange for the goods of civilization—made life harder instead of easier, more complicated instead of more simple. The commercial world of the white man had caught the Eskimos in its mesh, destroyed their self-sufficiency and independence, and made them economically its slaves. Only in one respect did it benefit them: it lessened the danger of those unpredictable famines which had overtaken them every ten or fifteen years, bringing suffering and death to young and old without distinction.

Today the youth of the second generation faces another revolution. The atomic age is reaching out towards the Arctic. On this coast and on that stand radar outposts to scan the upper atmosphere, scientific stations to study it and to measure the sun's rays. Already a handful of Jennie's cousins and nephews have found employment at some of these stations: they have unloaded ships and planes, driven motor-boats and caterpillar-tractors, and shown a competence equal to the white man's in operating civilization's simpler machines. Only opportunity and training are lacking to equip them for larger roles. They are adapting themselves, too, to our money economy, and learning to work for a daily wage. But when we who created this money economy igno-